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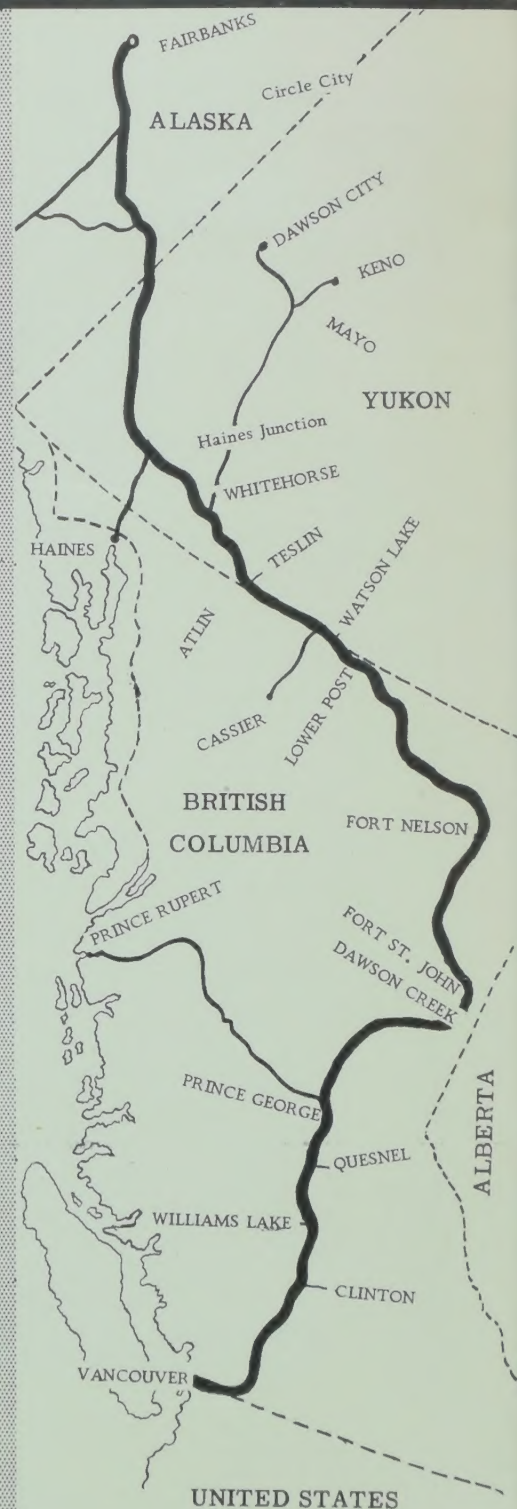


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JANUARY FEBRUARY

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FEATURING PRINCE GEORGE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS



S.S. ENTERPRISE. INTERESTING.

Your magazine is one I do not destroy. I must congratulate you on what must be a great deal of research in order to obtain text and old photographs which make your publication so interesting and historically valuable.

The article in last issue that particularly interested me was "More about the S.S. Enterprise".

In 1910 I was a member of one of Jack Grey's survey parties. We travelled into Babine Lake then on to Stuart Lake. We beached our scow on that beautiful beach mentioned in the article. As far as I can remember there was nothing more left of the vessel than that shown in the accompanying photographs. I recall the young Indians making strange sounds by blowing or calling through the boiler tubes. We were accompanied on this part of our trip by Jimmy Hickey. I thought he said that his father was the captain of the vessel which was navigated about 1870. Not far from the lake shore we came across an old road that had been built in the Omineca gold rush. In the middle of this road were growing trees ten inches through.

I have a photo of Tachie Village taken by the late J. A. Rutherford, B. C. L. S. on our way to Fort St. James after the Trembleur Lake trip. In comparing the two I see that the church in the latter, although in exactly the same place, is apparently a different building of the same size.

Wishing you continued success with the Northwest Digest.

Duncan Cran. Fort St. John, B. C.

AWAY TO ENGLAND!

After reading your May-June copy of the Northwest Digest, I have become more than just interested in your wonderful Northern magazine.

If it is possible, could you arrange postage of the Northwest Digest to the following address in England for the next three years.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillings. Soda Creek, B. C.

Continued on next page

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the cover

Sitka spruce has been responsible for the amazing development of Terrace in recent years. Over 300 million feet per year is now being logged in the Terrace district, for shipment to the Columbia Cellulose at Port Edward, 90 miles west at tidewater.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Continued

AWAY TO FLORIDA ! (LUCKY DOGS).

I had you mail one of your magazines to Mr. M. Roy Hardy of Birch Shores, Michigan. They are enjoying it so very much they don't wish to miss a single copy. However, they are in Florida until spring so would like you to send the remainder of the copies to a new address.

We enjoy everything in your magazine. Keep up the good work.

Mrs. Leslie Cameron, Dawson Creek, B. C.

VERY HELPFUL IN SCHOOLWORK!

I am writing this note to express my feelings towards the Northwest Digest and to subscribe for one year.

All the members of our family think it is one of the most interesting and informative magazines about B. C. and especially the Cariboo.

Every time Dad buys a copy of the Digest, everyone makes a mad dash to see who gets it first, as we are all ardent fishermen and hunters. Then after our household has read it thoroughly, it is passed on to several other readers who also enjoy it very much.

I am in grade 12 in the senior high school here and I find the history articles very helpful in some of my school work. Of course I also enjoy the joke section. I have only one criticism; there are too many mistakes in spelling.

A year's subscription to the Digest will be my Christmas gift to my father so please send it along to him. Yours sincerely,

(Miss Shirley Wreede) Vernon, B. C.

WONDERFUL PROVINCE! RIGHT !

Sir: It must be a matter of some considerable satisfaction to the editors of Northwest Digest, as it is to this writer, that the long period of somnolent neglect of our vast northern hinterland is slowly changing to bring the economy of those vast areas into the conscious economic sphere of the rest of this wonderful province of ours.

With best wishes for continuing success.
Robert F. Lyons. New Westminster, B. C.

A GOOD SCOT!

Over the last few years several of your excellent magazines have come to me at least fourth hand. I shall be very disappointed if you are unable to arrange a subscription for me.

As a good Scot, I grudge to see the rest of this page unused, so a few further details.

I have a 56 acre holding on which I carry on mixed farming. Cattle, sheep, pigs, hens, turkeys, growing cereal crops. I am a fitter by trade, but gave up the trade for a time in order to try farming.

In two or three years I hope to emigrate to B. C., so in the meantime I read anything and everything I can lay hands on about your country.

I do hope you will attend to the subscription, and if you can spare the time to reply to this letter all the better. Yours faithfully,

J. J. Mann. Ross-Shire, Scotland.

ROAD CONDITIONS ? ? ?

We certainly enjoy every page of your magazine, only thing is this, we miss having your magazine each month.

Could you, as a suggestion, publish a small item in each publication of your magazine on the highway conditions from Quesnel to Fairbanks, Alaska. One hears so many conflicting stories re this stretch of the highway - so would like some data from you.

Wishing you the best of luck for a good year,
Mr. & Mrs. Norman Kennedy, Leechtown, B. C.

ED. NOTE....The road conditions vary so quickly in the time between issues of the Digest, we believe the information would be outdated.

GLAD YOU LIKE IT!

The enclosed notice arrived this A. M. Please find the enclosed amount for renewal of the two following names.

The Cariboo magazine is one book none of us would miss receiving. It is one of the most valuable and interesting magazines, and we always look forward to every issue with great joy.

Ruth Corbett. Vancouver, B. C.

A VERY NICE COMPLIMENT!

I write to thank you for the July-August number of your magazine. It was greatly appreciated. It was like a breath from the northern evergreen woods.

J. M. Everly. North Bend, Washington U. S. A.

IT HAPPENED TO A BEAVER ! ! !

Two Red Cross nurses on a picnic up Maurice Creek opposite the ferry landing in early November, came across new beaver cuttings. Looking around further they found this poor old amisk had somehow got caught when the tree fell. It is the first time I or any old time trapper ever saw such an accident happen to a beaver. Thought it might interest you and your grand magazine.
R. W. (Uncle Dudley) Shaw, Hudson Hope.



ED. NOTE....Thanks for the photo. This is an occurrence that we believe even a woodsman will see only once in a lifetime.

THERE'S A

LONG-~~LONG~~ TRAIL



Illustrated by Barry Curtis

By GWEN LEWIS as Related By MATHILDA KEALING

Chapter Vq V111

AKIE - CRUEL TASK - MATTER

Getting under way that morning, we found the slope criss-crossed with fallen Balsam which made for heavy going. A number of the horses had their packs turn over and under them - ample reason for them to buck and shy. We made slow progress, but at last sighted the Akie River below us, and camped.

The next morning Jack left the camp to hunt and Fred to work his way down to the river's edge. An almost impen-

trable mass of dead-fall and rock seemed to block all further progress. Ahead, and to all sides, massive snow-capped mountains lifted their sharp saw-toothed peaks, forming a barrier that seemingly could only be surmounted on wings.

I took advantage of the time afforded by the men's absence to make sour-dough bread and cook food for the trail ahead - if there was one. Fred returned late in the afternoon, tired and hungry. He said that we would have to cross the Akie and climb high on the other side if we were to get out of the river cut.

We heard a shot, and saw a white

object roll down the mountain side. With the field glasses we picked out Jack, working his way down the slope to the kill. When he returned he had a kid goat which later provided us with a number of tasty meals.

The next day we slowly crept down the ragged log-strewn slope and reached the river without mishap. This we crossed - but with less luck. Jack and I were both soaked to the waist when our horses stumbled over river boulders and fell to their knees.

On the other side the travelling was as slow and as difficult as before. At

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TOTEMS OF THE SKEENA

***** By LYN HARRINGTON *****

Some people have mistaken the notion that all Indians carved totem poles. And others have the idea that you will find totem poles only on the coast.

Totem pole carving started on the Pacific coast, alright, but the culture was carried inland up such rivers as the Nass and Skeena. On the upper Skeena you can find the worlds largest collection of totem poles still standing in their original villages.

You can see them from the Skeena Highway, without even leaving the car, if you prefer it that way. A little rubber necking yields a considerable education and a whole lot of pleasure.

The first poles you'll meet are a couple at Moricetown, on the Bulkley River. These certainly aren't the finest examples of the art, though they're probably the newest ones. One bears the date 1950, and neither compares with the skilled wood carving done by the ancestors of the present-day Indians.

A little farther north, where the Bulkley joins the Skeena, swing off to the east and north to the village of Hagwaget. This region was the 'Garden of Eden' in the mythology of the Gitksan people, and here you'll find half a dozen old poles still standing.

Cross the bridge over the Bulkley Canyon, and on the north bank of the river near the ballgrounds, you'll come upon another group. These are new ones, still in their fresh paint.

To my mind, these latter day totems are a mistake. It's an art and a way of life that died out years ago, not one to be dragged into present-day life. Repair and protect, by all means, but to pump new life into a dead culture is like new Canadians retaining their old language unto the third and fourth generations.

There are plenty of the old totems in existence. Continue on this same sidewalk to Kispiox. Facing out over the Skeena River there, you'll find the old monuments of cedar, about 20 in all. Some lean at a drunken angle. Some have been restored a little, touched up with a small amount of paint. These are more grotesque than most, heads placed under the shoulders, and half bodies.

A few pines have been cut into segments of about 6 feet, and are lying on the ground. It's as if arrangements had been made to purchase the pole, arrange-



ON THE UPPER SKEENA ONE CAN FIND THE WORLDS LARGEST COLLECTION OF TOTEM POLES STILL STANDING IN THEIR ORIGINAL VILLAGES.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

"ALKALI"

By BARRY J. CURTIS.



When Del Fontaine stepped up on the lower rail of that broken down corral, and with an expert eye gazed at a big black horse (not a handsome animal by any means) haltered to the sagging gate, he had no idea of the history to be made by the mere transaction of buying this horse.

There was not a thing about this horse that would bring the slightest gleam of admiration to the eye of any horseman. In fact he was the most unattractive animal Fontaine had ever seen. His mane and tail had not been trimmed or curried for months. The hair on his shoulders and rump had long before been rubbed bare, but that was only natural, being that "Alkali" the name given to this animal for the past eleven years, had shared in the task of pulling stage coaches and freight wagons over the rough, mount-

ainous sometimes treacherous grades of the old Cariboo Trail. Eleven years in heavy leather harness, giving his big heart and sturdy body to aid the greedy hordes of the 'Rush' to their destination. Through long cold winters, short, hot, fly infested summers, and always present, behind and above him the cruel snap of a well handled whip. These things, and that forever rubbing of sweat-soaked rigging, had given him, in token of their gratitude, those burns for him to carry to greener pastures.

Del Fontaine gazed at this horse, and thought, "He surely isn't much of a horse, but, for fifteen dollars I can't complain."

Horses back in those days were costly regardless of their condition, and aside from this, Fontaine was certain "Alkali" would serve his purpose

perfectly.

Then to the little man beside him, Fontaine said, "Water him Charlie, then take him to the yard and have him loaded." he paused, "But don't put him beside that filly in the car. Tie him at the other end. No oats, but give him a little hay." As Fontaine walked away he called back, "Tie him good Charlie, I don't want that little sorrel kicked by that darn thing. I'll see you in about a month."

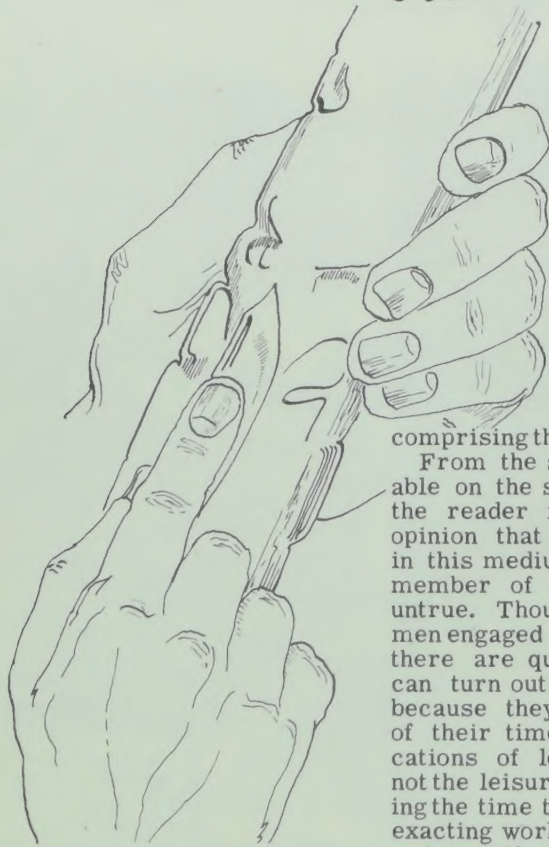
Fontaine walked back up the street, feeling rather pleased. He had promised his daughter a horse, but she was only seven and couldn't be trusted around his racing stock. Del Fontaine had been looking for an old gentle horse for her. He had found one, and, was certain he had chosen wisely.

He mused as he sauntered along, "Lord! I hope I didn't buy one too old. He may die of train fright before Charlie gets him home."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

Artists in Argillite

BY J. F. MUNROE



comprising the Queen Charlotte group.

From the scant information available on the subject of slate artifacts the reader may be inclined to the opinion that the number of workers in this medium is limited to a single member of the Haida tribe. This is untrue. Though the actual number of men engaged in this pursuit is small, there are quite a few tribesmen who can turn out very good work but who because they spend the larger part of their time in the more active vocations of logging and fishing, have not the leisure to give to totem carving the time that is required for such exacting work.

Among those at present known to be engaged in this endeavor are Edmond Calder and "Captain" Brown at Masset, the former having only recently turned his hand to the art and doing very creditable work, while the latter is the "Grand Old Man" of slate carving. There is a very recent report that the captain has made his last pole since he is a man of about seventy years, and his eyesight has failed to the extent that he feels he can no longer meet the demands that this intricate work requires.

In addition to the two carvers at Masset there are four who are actively engaged at Skidegate Village at the south end of Graham Island, Q. C. S., the most noted of which is Mr. Arthur Moody. Mr. Moody, along with "Captain" Brown and Louis Collinson, is one of the few remaining members of the early carvers whose works may be found in the museums of Berlin and Rome.

The finished product of these "Artists in Argillite" are not large when compared to those mighty monuments hewn out of a single cedar tree by tri-

bal historians throughout many parts of the province. The slate totem poles average about ten inches in height, though some have been worked as small as three inches while others

Continued on page 48

With the recent removal of ancient totem poles from deserted villages on the Queen Charlotte Islands to the Provincial Museum at Victoria and to the University of British Columbia at Vancouver, attention has been directed to the fact that the supply of these aboriginal treasures is fast dwindling. Add to this the fact that each of the totems found must first undergo extensive repair and reconditioning before being raised in its new location for the edification and homage of tourist and native citizen, and the question arises: "What is being done today to ensure continuation, and to increase this form of native art?"

Aside from a certain amount of carving being carried out in Victoria on cedar poles of large dimension, the only active handiwork on what might be termed a large scale is being done by a few members of the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The medium on which they express their unique art is argillite, a form of slate which is found in British Columbia only upon Graham Island, the northerly of the two largest islands



BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST POLE EVER CARVED IN ARGILLITE IS SHOWN ABOVE. IT IS FOUR FEET HIGH AND REPRESENTS SOME FOUR MONTHS OF PAINSTAKING LABOR BY MISTER MOODY.

THE WRECK OF THE

By RITA MARY ROGERSON

Illustrated by Barry Curtis

Mount Royal



Charlie Durham, a lively old timer of ninety-three, waved the "Omineca" Herald at me, "Did you see this? he demanded.

"No," I answered, wondering just what was in the paper.

"Well that chap that wrote the Big Canyon Weekly, at Kitselas in the early days has a letter in the paper and he says 'Is Charlie Durham still around? He must be close to one hundred. I remember forty years ago, he had one foot in the grave.'"

"Well," said Charlie indignantly and winking, "I wonder where the

other foot was!"

Conversation drifted to the early days along the river.

"Charlie," I said, "Do you think there is gold in the canyon, from the wreck of the Mount Royal?"

"No," said Charlie, "If there was the Hudson Bay Company would have been after it years ago."

"Did you see the wreck?" I said.

"I was there," said Charlie. "I used to ferry people back and forth across the canyon. I was the ferryman."

"Well," I said, "Tell me about the Mount Royal."

He meditated for a while then said, "The whole population of Kitselas was

waiting for her at the head of the canyon. We heard her whistle. I wondered why she was taking so long to come through, when a Frenchman beside me said, 'Oh see! The men on the raft coming through the canyon!'

I looked and before I could get my mind used to the strange phenomenon, another fellow came running and shouting up behind us, "The Mount Royal! the Mount Royal! She's turned over!"

My vision cleared, "That's the Mount Royal, bottom up!" I said as a feeling of horror rushed over me, at the calamity that had befallen. I jumped into my big canoe and hurried to the scene of disaster.

We took the six men off the bottom of the Mount Royal, and turned them over to competent hands who rushed them up to the hotel.

Somehow, as the Mount Royal was coming through the canyon, she struck her nose into Ring Bolt Island. Her stern swung over to the mainland. They put fifty terror-stricken passengers off on the rocky terrain of Ring Bolt Island. There they weren't any too comfortable, but they had solid rock under their feet.

The mate and part of the crew, about twelve men tried to get a wire cable from the stern to right her. The current instead rolled her over and six men were drowned. One fellow got over on the stern wheel and made it to shore. He was the one, who ran down to tell us. I took six or seven passengers off the Island at a time; I transported them over to my place, on the other side of the canyon. There was a good trail there, besides it was the most convenient place at the time. The passengers were in varying degrees of shock and fright.

The last man off the Island was a man by the name of Folk, who was stone deaf. He absolutely refused to move. He was staying right where he was, he was terrified. A seal came

Continued on page 37

THIRTY-ONE DAYS LATE

ON THE OLD CANADIAN NORTHERN

By W. CLEGG



Illustrated by Barry Curtis

I started working in the dining car department of the old Canadian Northern Railway back in 1913. In those days they just had a few runs in the middle-west, such as, from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, Winnipeg to Edmonton, plus two different runs to Prince Albert and a branch to Le Pas.

Previous to this I had run coast to coast on the C. P. R. While travelling to the coast on this run we could see them blasting for the right-of-way for the Canadian Northern on the opposite side of the Fraser Canyon, and I remember saying that I would not like to be on the first train over that road, But that's just where I ended up - on the Canadian Northern's first passenger train out of Vancouver, on November 24th, 1915.

We left the old Great Northern Depot on Dupont St. (now Pender St.), at the foot of Columbia.

We started a tri-weekly thirty-six hour service, from Vancouver to Edmonton - and the same for the return

trip. They now operate on a twenty-four hour schedule. There were only about a dozen stations in those days, and instead of the steel and concrete bridges of today there were only the construction - day wooden trestles, over which the trains had to travel very slowly.

More often than not we arrived at our destination anywhere from two hours to seventy-two hours late. But the trip from Edmonton to Vancouver which began on January 15th, 1916 was really a Lulu.

Leaving Edmonton on time at 8 A. M., everything went well until we got to the first divisional point, which at that time was Tollerton. While at the station a young brakeman fell from the baggage car and fractured two or three ribs. That was the first delay. And then, a few miles out of Lucerne, the next divisional point, while turning a bend we came upon two section men on a speeder. One of them jumped clear, but the other, a man of about 65 years of age, tried to get the speed-

er off the track but was not quick enough. The engine hit it and him, smashing him up pretty bad. We put him aboard and after rendering first aid, rushed him to the hospital at Kamloops. We pulled out three hours late, just as a snowstorm moving in from the coast hit the interior city.

It wasn't long before the snow started sliding down the more precipitous slopes along the Thompson River. We pushed through them quite easily at first but as we progressed through into the Thompson Canyon the slides became deeper and longer until we finally met up with a work train on a siding. Hooking their engine on ahead of ours and taking on their extra gang of workmen we pushed on.

Each slide was deeper and tougher than the last. Eventually the engines ran low on water. They were uncoupled and sent for water. And that was the last we saw of them for ten days. It was pretty cold - below zero, so all the heaters had to be lighted. It wasn't many days before the small emergency bunkers were empty of coal and the extra gang was put to work cutting wood on the hill-side above the snowbound train. Once in awhile a tree got away from them and would come crashing down against the dining or observation car. Two sets of steps were smashed off in this way.

We managed quite well for water, as there was a spring right alongside the train. But we could only serve two meals a day. Each car had but one coal oil lamp and food was served only during daylight hours - breakfast at 9: A. M. and supper at 4: P. M. - with everyone getting the same - no choice. There was less waste of food that way, and no one knew how long we would be stranded.

Several funny incidents occurred during those first ten days. The first, over a civil engineer who absolutely had to get into Vancouver to keep an appointment, snow or no snow. He had the second cook make him up some sandwiches, for which he gave him a quarter, and struck out, determined to cross the frozen river and push on to Keefers on the C.P.R. line. It wasn't long before he was back; something had convinced him that the Vancouver appointment wasn't THAT important.

Shortly after this the second cook bought a flask of rye whiskey from the stock on sale in the dining car at that time. They held about eight or nine ounces, or three big drinks. He divided it between the chef and himself. The chef, being busy told him to put his portion to one side. After drinking his own, the second cook, seeing the chef's portion still untouched, drank it also. Not being much of a drinking man, the nine ounces affected him strangely. The chef called me outside to witness his assistant's antics. Still in his white uniform the second cook was dancing around in the deep snow tossing handfuls into the air and shouting, "The snow, the snow! The bee-yoo-ti-ful snow!"

We tried to persuade him to come inside and look at the bee-yoo-ti-ful snow through the window, but wound up having to use strong-arm methods to get him inside. We wrapped him up in a blanket, tied him up, and put him behind some big chairs in the observation car. After a couple of hours sleep he was O.K.

Most of the passengers were company employees bound for jobs at the coast or just looking the line over. One such couple was a train conductor and his wife. At first the wife was quite excited about being stalled in the snow, and would remark several times a day that perhaps we were going to beat the old record of being 72 hours late. But after the fourth day, when the record was beaten, she began to pout and complain about the situation and bewail the company's lack of foresight in not stocking the cars with enough food and fuel for such emergencies.

With each passing day the meals became skimpier and skimpier. On the eighth day some Indians showed up and we persuaded them to break trail over to Keefers and bring back some supplies, which consisted of such necessities as flour, baking powder, bacon, cheese and a little meat.

On the morning of the tenth day the lady who was at first so excited about beating the old record refused to eat her skimpy breakfast of one strip of bacon, one baking powder biscuit and one spoonful of hash brown potatoes. She also refused to talk to anyone, and behaved like a pent-up volcano ready



We tried to get the bottle off by pulling and twisting, but to no avail.

to erupt at any moment. But it was the last day for many of the passengers, she included, for with the aid of the train crew and Indians they trekked over to Keefers on the C.P.R. line.

Another incident concerned a newly married couple in their late thirties. The husband had a nasty boil on the back of his neck. After it came to a head he and his wife came back to the dining car to see what could be done about it. We told him that all we knew was the hot bottle treatment. He was willing to try it so we got a large bottle. It was dark brown in color, with an opening about an inch in diameter. Filling it with near-boiling water in order to get the glass hot, we emptied it and promptly placed the opening over the boil and held it there firmly. We talked for some time and then asked if he felt any drawing effect or pain. Receiving a negative reply, we struck a match in order to see into the bottle and were amazed to see an inch and a half of his neck sticking into the bottle. We tried to get the bottle off by pulling and twisting but to no avail. Finally it was decided to wrap a cloth around the bottle and break it when someone else showed up and sug-

gested that we heat the bottle again to expand the air inside. It worked like a charm.

After the tenth day a couple of crewmen struck out, on borrowed Indian bear-paw snowshoes, to look for the missing engines. They found them three miles away, snowbound alongside the section house - and not a bite of food in the place. Luckily such an event had been anticipated and the two men had set out with packs containing food, whisky and tobacco. The first thing the engine crews asked for was tobacco.

During all this time snoplaws had been sent out, but they had made little headway against the deep slides and drifts. One day we got word that a rotary plow had been sent out and that we'd soon be out of there "Hell-a-Hootin'", but the rotary came to grief, its blades being smashed against the big rocks brought down by the slides.

A few days later a V-plow finally got through and we headed west once more. Before leaving I made a sign on a piece of board, using cochineal as paint, and nailed it to a small tree.

Continued on page 36

TERRACE

THE TOWN

By ARTHUR DOWNS

In recent years a counterpart of the Jack and the Beanstalk saga has appeared some 93 miles east of Prince Rupert and 40 miles north of Kitimat. However those rushing to the area won't see a bean plant disappearing heavenward, they will see instead the thriving village of Terrace. And although the village doesn't outwardly resemble Jack's overactive vegetable, inwardly it does. As one newcomer put it, things just seem to grow and grow.

This applies to the village itself, it sprouted from 350 in 1942 to some 4,000 today, mostly during the past four years, and to the produce of its soil. Gladiolas have reached six feet, and last summer in Mrs. Guy Taft's garden, a hollyhock far exceeded this. When it concluded summer activity its top most blossom cleared the ground by almost eleven feet.

Evidence of Terrace's almost spectacular growth ranges from showy garages to modern stores and offices, and from attractive homes to the \$375,000 Junior-Senior high school. Considering the village's rapid expansion it would be natural for residents to consider it a boom town, but such isn't the case. In fact the word 'boom' is avoided with the persistence of a W. C. T. U. devotee refusing two fingers of rum. Residents modestly admit that the village is expanding, mushrooming, and maybe even seam-bursting, but not booming.

"Terrace isn't booming," says real estate agent E. T. Kenny, former minister of Lands and Forests (in the Coalition Government) and after whom Alcan's Nechako River dam is named. "We are experiencing a good steady growth, a growth that we can maintain and keep on an even keel. With a boom atmosphere you wake up one morning and discover that the boom has bust.

We aren't afraid of that. Our growth has a solid foundation."

"We don't want a boom town," says L. E. Pruden, secretary of the Board of Trade. "We want what we now have, a family type town. A boom atmosphere is no good. We would rather grow surely and steadily. The Board of Trade receives letters from many people who obviously think that there is gold in the streets. We deliberately discourage them. We want people who are prepared to make their homes here and become a permanent part of the community."

"We don't want a stampede into the area," said another prominent business man. "Then the town becomes top heavy with people trying to make a quick buck and everyone suffers, especially permanent residents. A stampede usually has nothing to back it up. The town rises as if it were built on stilts and folds as quickly. For this reason we don't want people to think the area is booming. We are growing, yes, but not booming."

Those best realizing just how the village is growing are the five commissioners, and those least realizing it are the officials at Victoria. In fact the latter is the Commissioners' greatest problem because municipal officials at Victoria credit the village

with a population of only 900. Actually this is the incorporated area's population, but the influx of recent years swamped the incorporated area and spilled over the boundaries into what was farm land. Today for every person living in the official village limits there are three to four immediately outside the boundaries.

Although these residents are part of Terrace, they officially don't exist. Consequently they live without benefit of street lights, running water, a voice in civic affairs, and other amenities of community life. They favor incorporation by 72 per cent majority but the wheels of officialdom grind slowly and the village has the distinction of having more people outside looking in than inside looking out.

"It is a case of the tail wagging the dog," says Alex Gillanders, village clerk, "until our boundaries are extended and the population figures corrected at Victoria the community is under a great handicap."

One problem that will rise when boundaries are extended has been solved already. This is an adequate water supply. The present system is an ex-army installation, too small for even current municipal requirements and restrictions are applied in September and October. Last September Commissioners were authorized



by Victoria to spend up to \$155,000 on a system that will bring water from a mountain stream some three miles from the village, and provide ample water for a city of 10,000

Besides causing the Commissioners much head-scratching, Terrace's growth is also a problem to the B. C. Power Commission. In 1947 when the Commission took over the local installation there were 62 residential and 35 commercial customers. Today there are over 900 residential and nearly 175 commercial customers. The peak load in December, 1946 was 36 kw, in December of 1953 it was nearly 2,000 kw. Last summer the Commission increased generating capacity by 1,000 kw and prepared to forget the area. But the last workman had barely packed his tools when demand again caught up with the supply. Now the Commission are busy preparing to install another 1,000 kw generator.

Another instance of village growth is the Terrace Co-Operative Association. In 1945 the Association had 105 members and a store with a sales volume of \$38,000 a year. Today there are 550 members and last year the

store grossed \$350,000. The Co-Op handles everything from clothing to farm machinery, hardware to fertilizer. In addition it has a cold storage plant with 96 lockers and in keeping with modern trends, a free parking lot for customers.

Probably the greatest indication of Terrace's economic expansion is its banks. In 1947 the village had no banking facilities, in 1948 the Royal Bank of Canada established an office and one day a week a representative from Rupert came and cashed cheques. As business increased, a sub-branch was opened, then a full branch in rented quarters with a staff of three. Today the Royal does business in a brand new bank, has the staff of twelve, and has competition from both the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Bank of Montreal.

While Terrace residents refuse to speculate on the ultimate size of the village, many believe that it will reach 10,000. They base their prediction not on the crystal ball of speculation but on the hard rock of fact. Timber is the reason for present expansion, and while timber will play a great part in future growth, three other factors will

assert a strong influence. They are farming, mining and climate.

On learning that Terrace considers climate an asset residents of many B. C. communities, especially those 400 miles southward, will probably smile and consider this stretching the point. Actually it would be, were it not for one fact -- 40 miles away is Kitimat, and the aluminum center's weather isn't too balmy. It is in the coastal wet belt and annual precipitation will range between Rupert's 96 inches and Ocean Falls 166. Terrace by comparison receives 46 inches yearly, with most of this in winter, and summer rainfall just enough to keep the garden happy.

Actually nature was kind to Terrace insofar as climate is concerned. It is influenced by both the coast and interior climates, but fortunately is blessed with the more pleasant aspects of each. The coastal influence ensures an average frost free period of 147 days, more than double that of inland centers, and the interior influence is responsible for the fact that Terrace receives less than half



TOP: FRYING UP THE CATCH OF CUT-THROAT TAKEN IN THE COPPER RIVER.

UPPER LEFT: TERRACE, B. C.

LEFT: KALUM STREET, TERRACE.

LOWER LEFT: COPPER RIVER NEAR TERRACE IS NOTED FOR ITS WONDERFUL STEEL-HEAD FISHING.



as much rain as Rupert. Winters are mild, the January mean ranging about 26°, and cold snaps are brief, so much so that last winter a trio of hardy residents golfed at least once a month. Summers are cool, 62° is the average monthly mean, and Sunday outings can be planned with the odds heavily favoring a sunny day.

Because of these factors Terrace people feel that when the Kitimat-Terrace highway is completed many Alcan residents will live in the village and commute. The two centers will be less than an hour's drive apart, and as one businessman pointed out, those living in the suburbs of large cities are further than this from their work.

In a way mining can be compared to climate as an asset. The possibilities exist but require developing. Terrace is built in a valley formed where the Skeena River meets a north-south depression stretching from the Nass River to Kitimat. The village is virtually surrounded by 5 - 6000 foot mountains, and mineral deposits exist on both mountain slopes and in the valleys. Tungsten of B. C. operates a base metals mine at Usk, some 16 miles from Terrace, but generally the mineral deposits are undeveloped. To stimulate mining activity in the area a local company called Explorers and Developers Ltd. has been formed and hopes to start active operations in the near future.



TOP: FIRST LOGGING TRUCK IN TERRACE WAS THIS HAYES-ANDERSON BROUGHT IN BY GEO. LITTLE - AND DRIVEN BY CHARLIE CARRUTHERS. UPPER LEFT: EXTRA FINE GRAIN SITKA SPRUCE LADDER STOCK, FROM TERRACE ON ITS WAY TO EASTERN U. S. MARKETS. LEFT: CEDAR POLES FROM TERRACE DISTRICT FIND THEIR WAY TO MARKET ALL OVER THE CONTINENT. LOWER LEFT: ONE LOG ALMOST MAKES A LOAD!

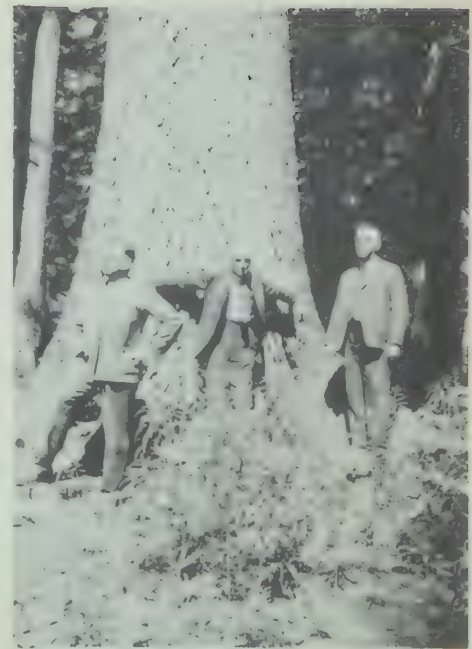


An essential of any development, mining or otherwise, is cheap power, and here Terrace holds a royal flush. The B. C. Power Commission promised to bring power from Kitimat and when this becomes fact many business men believe that the area will attract small industry. This belief was recently strengthened when a C. N. R. industrial representative visited the area. He came because the railway company had received many requests from secondary industries about the district and the company decided to bring its files on the area up to date.

One resource that could be easily developed is blue clay. The clay is excellent for certain types of pottery and tile and local deposits are large enough to keep Canadians in bowls and flower pots for generations. Thirty years ago a Swedish handman made teapots, ashtrays, and other items from the clay and many of his creations are still seen in homes and offices.

An exception to the district's undeveloped mineral resources is limestone. As a general rule most soil in the area lacks lime, and the lime





A FINE EXAMPLE OF SKEENA VALLEY SITKA SPRUCE.



TOP: THE HOME OF GEORGE LITTLE ON LAKELSE AVENUE IN 1916. LITTLE WAS ONE OF THE TOWN'S FIRST RESIDENTS HE LATER PLANTED TREES ALONG THE STREET.

CENTER: LAKELSE AVENUE - 1926 - SHOWING A CORNER OF GEORGE LITTLE'S HOME AND THE TEN YEAR OLD TREES.

LEFT: LAKELSE AVENUE - SEPTEMBER, 1954.

formerly came from Texada Island, some 450 miles down the coast. Then large local deposits were tapped and besides developing into a thriving industry, has meant a saving to farmers.

The fact that soil lacks lime is an inconvenience rather than a drawback and the district is the largest market garden area north of the Okanagan. It is the most northerly area in B. C. where a full line of vegetables, including cucumbers and tomatoes, can be grown commercially. In addition, apples, cherries, plums, and pears thrive, and blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, and other small fruits produce prolifically. And, as a rule, there is no marketing problem. Prince Rupert with its 12,000 people doesn't produce enough for even a small vegetable salad, and with the C. N. R.'s new \$12,000,000 rail link providing direct access to Kitimat, a new, rapidly expanding market has been opened at Terrace's back door.

Although producers generally have no marketing difficulties, one problem did arise recently. An eastern magazine printed an article giving the impression that local farmers had virtual gold mines. Many starry-eyed hopefuls converged on the area and requests for land came from many more, but all were doomed for disappointment. The district does not surrender her wealth to those bent on cleaning up in a season.

"No farmer here will make a fortune," says William B. A. Brandis, who came to Terrace from Holland 7 years ago and who now owns a successful 16 acre truck garden. "But if



As in most interior towns, the first buildings were built of logs. These children were the first to come to Terrace (1911). Girl in the center is now Mrs. J.H. Smith.

he is willing to work he can be sure of a good living."

Besides being a full time farmer, Mr. Brandis is also manager of the marketing branch of the farmer's institute.

"Even though we have good markets nearby we have to be careful and avoid growing too much of one commodity," he says. "For this reason we organized a marketing agency last year and are now better able to regulate production to demand. I think there is still room in the district for additional farmers but they must have some capital behind them and have a good knowledge of market gardening."

"Most of the good land close to Terrace has now been taken up," says K. R. Jameson, District Agriculturist, "and further expansion will entail very heavy land clearing costs, and in some cases drainage costs. Because of the high cost of bringing land under cultivation I think that farming in the Terrace district will be largely market gardening with a few farmers specializing in small fruits, tree fruits, and possibly poultry products."

One of the district's largest farms is the Frank brothers dairy. They have one of B.C.'s most modern dairy's and a new \$40,000. barn and milk-



THIS PHOTO OF A TERRACE CABBAGE PATCH ILLUSTRATES HOW PRODUCTIVE IS THE SOIL.

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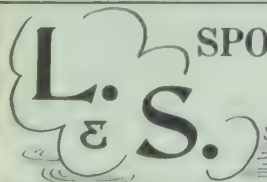
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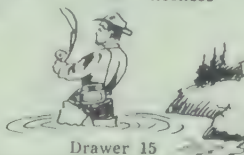


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1 - 2 - GOING, GOING - GONE - 1936 FLOOD.
3 - DURING THIS 1936 FLOOD, ROWBOATS AND
RAILCARS MOVED SIDE BY SIDE.

4 - PERIODICALLY THE SKEENA GOES ON THE
RAMPAGE AND THREATENS TO WASH AWAY
EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH.



JUST ONE TERRACE DISTRICT TURNIP IS AN ARMFUL FOR THIS LITTLE MISS.

ing parlor has dropped their milk's bacteria count to 1,000, far below the permissible level. Another farmer, Mr. Kerr, is well known for his apples, and from his three and a half acres of MacIntosh, Wealthy, Gravenstein, and Delicious trees markets hundreds of boxes a year.

To keep farmers abreast of latest farming developments the government maintains a local illustration station and in addition the District Agriculturist from Smithers makes frequent visits to the area. In the autumn, growers display their produce at an Agricultural Fall Fair, which is one of the north's biggest, and which gave a driver for Terrace Transfer Co. some uncomfortable moments.

He was dispatched to Rupert to pick up an elephant named Dumbo who was to appear at the fair, but no-one told him that Dumbo was nothing more than a rubber imitation used by Goodyear Tire Company as a promotional stunt. On the way the driver started thinking about the mess an elephant could make in his truck. He stopped and loaded some sawdust to facilitate the cleaning process. When he finally met Dumbo he quickly learned that his problem wasn't the elephant but inventing a reason for the sawdust on the truck's deck.

However in this respect he should not have had much trouble. Virtually all of Terrace is connected with or dependent on the logging industry and timber is the main reason for the villages startling growth during the past few years. Much of the areas estimated three billion feet of timber is

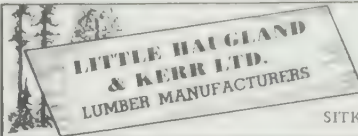
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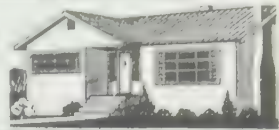
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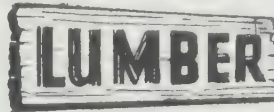
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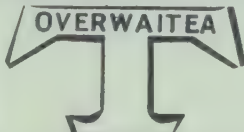


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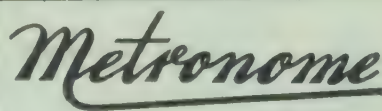


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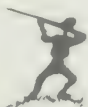
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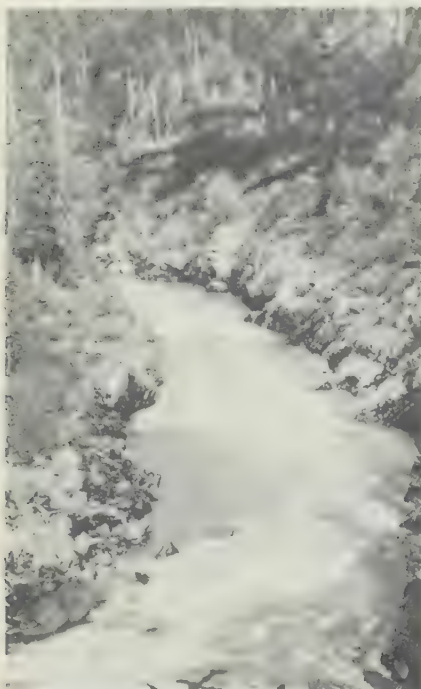
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ISLAND - 1907. THESE TREES ARE STILL STAND-
ING AND HAVE NO DOUBT GROWN STILL BIGGER.

HOPE, B. C.



under two forest management licenses, one held by Columbia Cellulose Company and the other pending to the Powell River Company. The district supplies 70,000,000 feet annually to the Cellulose Company's mill at Prince Rupert and in addition three of the largest local sawmills, Little-Haugland and Kerr Lumber Company, Pohle Lumber Company, and Sande Lumber Mills Ltd., cut another 18,000,000 feet a year. All told last year 100,000,000 feet of timber left the Terrace area.

The three largest local mills employ a total of 200 men, but the biggest single payroll is the Cellulose operation. At present they employ 213 men with a yearly payroll of over \$650,000. The Company ships a daily average of 35 carloads of logs via the C. N. R. to Rupert, and with next years cut being increased to 85,000,000 feet, about 45 cars a day will make the daily

ABOVE: FOR FOURTY YEARS TERRACE HAS DEPENDED ON, AND RECENTLY EXPANDED AND GROWN GREATLY - DUE TO THE BILLIONS OF FEET OF TIMBER STANDS IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY. THIS LOAD IS DESTINED FOR THE COLUMBIA CELLULOSE PLANT AND WILL EVENTUALLY END UP AS RAYON GARMENTS.



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from those Paul Bunyan knew. They are only five blocks from the downtown area, with each having central heating, two men to a room, hot and cold running water, indoor plumbing and a lounge. Because of this influence the traditional whoop-de-doo logger has largely disappeared from the local scene and the most constant reminder that Terrace is a major logging community is the 'No Caulked Boots' signs hanging in places ranging from hotel lobbies to the Provincial Government's new two-story administration building.

After their days work the loggers, single or married, are more likely to engage in diversities such as bowling or roller skating at the Civic Center than bending elbows at local ten cent emporiums. In fact the logger is regarded as such a stable fellow that one of them, O. A. Kaulbeck found himself elected president of the Terrace and District Civic Center Association.

In addition to the Civic Center, the district has recreational facilities to suit every taste, whether logger, or farmer or accountant. There are



ABOVE: FIRST TAXI IN TERRACE WAS THIS OPEN AIR MODEL OPERATED BY HARRY CREELMAN IN 1922.

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dozens of clubs and organizations, a library with a good selection of books, and there is Charlie Adams' new ultra-modern theater, the Tillicum. There are three parks in the village, an excellent ski hill, and a six hole golf-

course. The latter, besides being one of the interiors most scenic, also illustrates that Terrace residents aren't subscribing to the 'boom' philosophy. In a boom town facilities are often expanded with no thought of cost or other consequences, but not in Ter-

race. The golf course, for instance, is scheduled for expansion, but at the moderate rate of three holes a year.

Another group currently expanding facilities is the active 150 member Rod and Gun Club. The club owns 30 acres only a mile from Terrace and

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BELOW: EXAMPLES OF NEAT MODERN HOMES BEING BUILT IN TERRACE TODAY.



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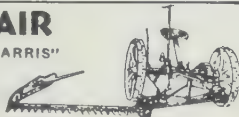
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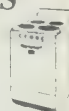
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YEARS AGO STERNWHEELERS PLIED THE SKEENA RIVER AS FAR AS HAZELTON. THE ABOVE PHOTO OF THE " INLANDER " WAS TAKEN AT THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE UNFINISHED HIGHWAY BRIDGE, (RIGHT) WAS BUILT.

LOUIS KRAUSE

Marguerite

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this summer built a trap range worth \$3,000. The members are very conservative minded and last fall when two cow moose and a calf were shot the club offered a \$50.00 reward for information helping convict those guilty. What made members even more indignant about the incident is the fact that moose are comparatively new to the area and are a rarity rather than a common occurrence. Geof Lambly, chairman of the clubs publicity committee, recalls that the first bull was shot about 1942, although it was actually the second moose killed in the area. The first was a cow, and everyone was highly gratified when the culprit was fined \$400.00.

It was probably this knowledge that tempted a cow moose to visit the village last September. She was seen in the residential area about 7.30 A.M. by Jack McLeod who interrupted a phone conversation with the announcement "There's a moose at the front gate!" On seeing that no-one was going to admit her the moose sauntered down the avenue, admired a flower garden,

J.L. WILSON & SONS

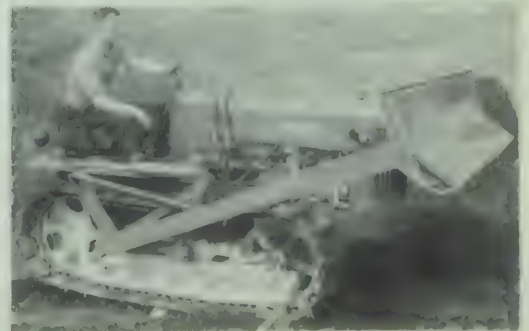


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RIGHT: THE "CONVEYOR" WAS ONE OF THE MANY STERNWHEELERS WHICH TRANSPORTED KLONDYKERS AND THEIR SUPPLIES TO HAZELTON DURING THE HECTIC DAYS OF THE YUKON GOLD RUSH.

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paused at some shrubs then beelined for the liquor store. She stopped at the door, looked sadly at the 'Closed' sign, then turned and when last seen was briskly bound for the wide open spaces.

While the cow's appearance assured people that there are moose in the district, they are in the minority. Black bears are probably the most numerous of the districts animals, although on the higher elevations mountain goats are plentiful. Generally speaking, however, the area is better noted for its fishing than for its hunting.

In season salmon are plentiful in local waterways and the Copper River, some seven miles from Terrace, provides excellent steelhead fishing. Last January, Game Warden Jack Williams tied into a steelhead and after an hour and a half battle discovered he had landed what was then second to the world's record. It was 41 1/2 inches long, weighed 27, 3/4 pounds, and, for the record, was taken on twelve

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pound test line.

The glacial waters of Kitsumgallum Lake yield cutthroat trout up to four pounds and Lakelse Lake, 16 miles south of Terrace, also provides excellent trout fishing. Then besides being a popular fishing rendezvous, Lakelse is also Terrace's summer play ground.

Dozens of cottages line its shore,

its crystal clear waters are a favorite for swimming and water skiing, and there is a Provincial Government park at the lake's northern end. Although Lakelse is small compared to many B.C. lakes, it covers about eight square miles. Two qualities atone for its smallness; the name is original, said to be an Indian term meaning 'like a looking glass', and

about half a mile from its shores are a series of mineral hot springs.

Altogether there are nine springs in the group, with one of them the largest in Canada and its waters the hottest in North America. It is over 100 feet in diameter and gushes forth an hourly 6,000 gallons of water pre-heated to a sizzling 186°. The springs are said to benefit those suffering

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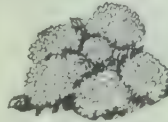
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ABOVE: PIONEER TELEGRAPH OPERATOR AND LINES-MAN OF TERRACE, WALTER WARNER. (1920)

BUILT ON THE SITE OF THIS (FIRST) TELEGRAPH OFFICE IS NOW STANDING THE SKEENA HOTEL. RIGHT.



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ABOVE: CORNER OF LAKELSE AVENUE AND KALUM STREET IN 1922.

RIGHT: THE SAME CORNER - 1954.



from rheumatism and similar afflictions, and are another resource awaiting development.

Two attempts have been made to commercialize on the phenomenon but both failed. The most ambitious was made by an American over 25 years ago. He built a huge log hotel on the lake shore with the intention of making the area a health resort. Unfortunately he died before the plan became operational and the hotel was

Continued on page 28



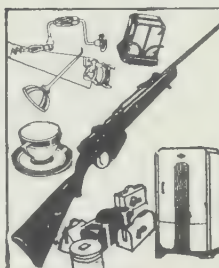
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"What are you studying in college now?" asked the fond mother of her son, who was a freshman.

"We have just taken up molecules."

"That's fine. I hope you will like them. I always tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't keep it in his eye."

GETTING THE BUSINESS

"My, dear," said one woman to another over the back fence, "have you heard about the Smiths? Some are taking her part and some his."

"Really?" said the second woman. "And I suppose a few eccentric persons are minding their own business."

PARTLY, AT LEAST

At a dinner recently, a man sitting next to a woman was, to say the least, inebriated. He leered at her and commented: "Shay, madam, pardon me, but you're undoubtedly the mos' homely woman I have ever seen!"

With a show of spirit she replied: "Well, you're the drunkest man I have ever seen!"

"I know, Ma'am," he responded, "but I'll get over that tomorrow."

MODERN FUNCTIONAL

Two guys were walking off the effects of a big party when they accidentally found themselves stumbling along a railroad track. After trudging along for some time, one commented: "This is the longest set of stairs I ever tried to climb."

"Sure is," complained his companion, "and why do you suppose they made the banisters so low?"

WHY SHORE

Lady, calling on the telephone

-Are you the Game Warden?

Game Warden - Yes, madam,

what can I do for you?

Lady-Thank goodness, I have the right person at last. Would you please suggest some games suitable for a children's party?

A nudist club was planning a costume party and there was some concern about what to wear.

"Well," one finally announced, "with my varicose veins, I think I'll go as a road map."



"That's either the eight - twenty or my mother-in-law!"

ORPHAN OF THE RIVER

A resident of a certain mid-western town related how the local distillery had burned with alarmed citizens rescuing some barrels of whiskey from the fiery edifice, rolling them into the nearby river.

"Do you know," said he, "that every man in the town except me was drunk the next morning."

"Why were you the exception?" one of his listeners wanted to know.

"I was the only one who lived upstream," the teetotaler explained.

A young married woman, knowing her husband would be tired from working hard during the day, met him at the door with a cheerful and friendly greeting:

"I'm happy you're home, dear," she chirped. "I've got lots of things I want to talk to you about."

"Glad to hear it," he grunted, "usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got!"

YOU POOR DOPE



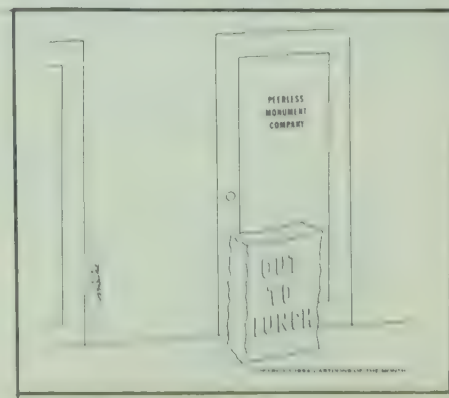
It had been a day-long job for Emory to tow the tourists' disabled car from Crabapple Creek to the village repair shop. When he finally returned home with his tired old mule and broken-down cart, his mate waiting on the porch asked: "How much did you charge that city feller to tow him to the repair shop?"

"Fifty cents," Emory answered.

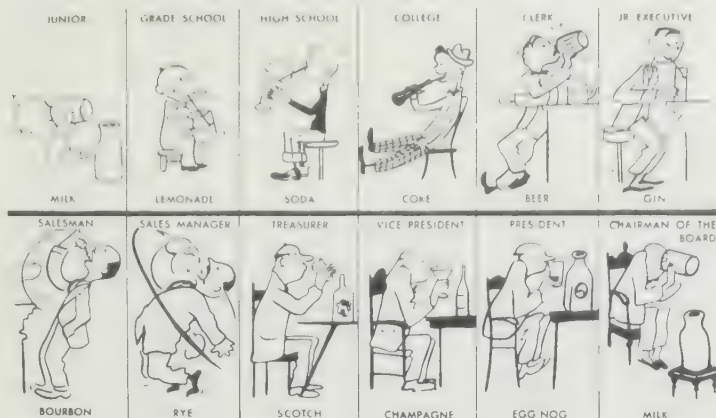
"Fifty cents!" yelled his indignant wife. "I wish in the future you would pull the cart and let the mule handle the business."

Then there's the old one about the patient about to be operated on by the doctor, who bent over the operating table and said, "I'm going to be frank with you. Only one out of ten persons recover from this operation. Before I proceed is there anything you would like me to do for you?"

"Yes," replied the patient, "help me on with my clothes and shoes."



DRINKING HABITS OF THE AMERICAN MALE



Fresh from the hills, the rookie had just been lectured with his company on the emergencies encountered on guard duty. The teacher, a fairly new second lieutenant, looked over the class and singled out the mountain boy for a question.

Lieutenant: Suppose you were walking guard at night in the woods and I jumped out at you with a knife? What would you do?

Rookie: Wal, reckon I'd call the corporal o' the guard, sir.

Lieutenant: Good heavens, man, why do that? By the time he got there, I'd be on top of you!

Rookie: Wal, you're a sizable man. Lootenant, and I might not be able to tote your daid body myself.

As the inquisitive man sat on a seat in Victory Square he watched a shabby individual coming along picking up cigarette ends.

Then the tramp sat down on the seat and began sorting his spoil. Presently he threw away quite a long one. This was too much for the curious looker-on.

"Excuse me," he said. "That looked like a good one. Why did you throw it away?"

The tramp drew himself up proudly and replied: "It ain't my brand."

SO THERE

A little four-year-old girl had picked up a fancy lot of words of which her mother did not approve. Mother told the tot: "If you don't stop using those naughty words, mother will send you out on the street never to come back again." Later mother was forced to make good her threat, and she had to sadly watch her little tot trudge slowly down the street, and then come slowly back and perch herself on the curb in front of the house. She sat there, softly crying. A neighbor lady, knowing of the trouble, passed by and spoke to the child. "Mary, is you mother at home?"

She was startled at this tearful response: "How in the Hell should I know? I don't live here any more."

We never used to be able to find Grandma's glasses, but now she just sets them down wherever she happens to be when she empties them.

A GREAT HELP

A rich racketeer on trial for deliberate murder bribed an Irishman on the jury to hold out for a verdict of manslaughter, and after being out for several hours, the desired verdict was returned.

Sometime later the racketeer said to the Irishman: "I'm very thankful for your good work. Did you have much trouble?"

"Faith," replied the Irishman, "and I had a rough time of it. Most of them other bums wanted to acquit you."



ACADEMIC HONOR

A census taker stopped at a farmhouse in the lonely West and found only a simple looking boy of about seventeen, slightly tongue-tied, at home. Not wishing to return to obtain the information, the census taker determined to use the answers put out by the boy. "How many in your family, young man?" He asked.

"Let's see now — there's maw and paw and sister and brother — that makes five don't it?"

"Where's yur paw?"

"Ain't you heered? He's in the penitentiary."

"Where's your maw, then?"

"Oh, shucks, everyone knows she's in the asylum."

"Your sister?"

"Oh, she's with maw."

"Well, what about your brother?"

"Brother?" said the youth brightening. "we're proud of him. He's at the University."

"He is?" said the census taker, amazed. "What fraternity is he in?"

"Fraternity? Hell, mister, he ain't in no fraternity! He's in alcohol. He's got two heads."



MORE SUBSTANTIAL

The undertaker regarded the deceased in the coffin with severe disapproval, for the wig persisted in slipping back and revealing a perfectly bald pate. He addressed the widow in that cheerfully melancholy tone which is characteristic of undertakers during their professional public performance: "Have you any glue?"

The widow wiped her eyes perfunctorily, and said that she had.

"Shall I heat it?" she asked. The undertaker nodded gloomily, and the widow departed on her errand. Presently, she returned with the glue pot.

But the undertaker shook his head, and regarded her with the gently sad smile to which undertakers are addicted, as he whispered solemnly:

"I found a tack."



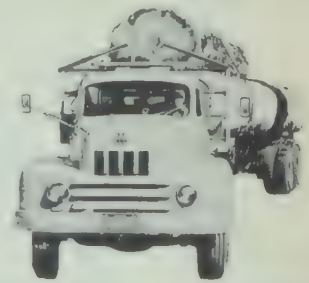
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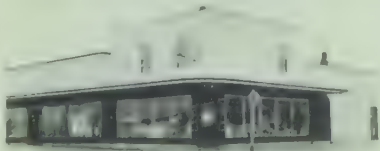
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The modern school in Terrace today is a far cry from those shown on the opposite page.

TERRACE

Continued from page 25

abandoned. A third attempt to develop the mineral springs is rumored and should it succeed one factor that will contribute is the Terrace airport. It puts the district only hours from the rest of Canada and the United States.

The airport has three 5,000 feet paved runways, with a beam and radio range station under construction. Pacific Western Airlines, and C. P. A. use the airport regularly and soon expect to operate daily scheduled flights to Vancouver. Since there is no airfield at Kitimat, Prince Rupert, Hazelton, and other northern centers, freight and passengers for the areas will funnel through Terrace.

While today's residents will soon be wafted to Vancouver in less than two hours, their earlier counterparts weren't so fortunate. However the first inhabitants, a branch of the Haida Indians, weren't interested in leaving, in fact they fought to stay. They came to the district up the valley from Kitimat, but discovered that another tribe considered the area personal property. This didn't worry the Haidas. Many bitter battles were fought. The intruders eventually won out and established a village at the junction of the Skeena and Kitsumgallum rivers, about two miles from present day Terrace.

The district's first white settler was Tom Thornhill who arrived in 1892 and has the distinction of being commemorated with the largest memorial ever given a pioneer. A dominant 6,500 foot mountain three miles east of Terrace bears his name. A few

years after Thornhill arrived a large rock was blasted from the main channel of the Skeena and sternwheelers started freighting upstream to Hazelton.

The district's first pre-emption was taken up in 1905 by Harry Frank and his farm was soon a calling point for the sternwheelers. The farm also became the post office and on April 18th, 1909, was honored in another way. That day the district's first white child, John Lewis Frank, was born and Mrs. Frank was presented with



QUESNEL, B.C.

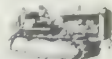
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5-9-R-4



Hair Styling



UPPER LEFT: MAIN (KALUM) STREET - 1922
UPPER RIGHT: THE SAME STREET, 1954. THE
HOTEL ON THE RIGHT IS THE " TERRACE."

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Terrace, Continued from page 29

a silver cup in honor of the occasion. Mrs. Frank is now 71 and almost as active as when she arrived, and her husband at 85 is the district's oldest pioneer resident.

"We came in with the idea of farming," she recalls. "We didn't know anything about farming but we figured there was only one way to learn. In 1909 we brought up two calves by steamboat and that was the beginning of our dairy herd."

In the early days the main income for the handful of pioneers was cutting cordwood for the sternwheelers.

"They were always hungry," recalls 77 year old Walter Warner who worked on them from 1903 until the railroad came, "and gobbled wood at a furious rate."

During the winter farmers piled wood by the hundreds of cords on the river bank and whenever the sternwheelers required fuel they pulled in to the shore and loaded up. Since the more wood the boats consumed the more farmers earned the picture of deckhands feverishly loading wood was familiar and welcome, but it was a picture soon to fade into oblivion. By 1906 a trans-continental railway the Grand Trunk Pacific, was being



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Mills in the Terrace district have cut some of the longest timbers on the continent. Above are some 64 footers cut for a job at nearby kitimat by Pohle Lumber Company. The mill can cut timbers up to 100 feet in length.



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Terrace, Contd. from page 31

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built from Winnipeg to Rupert, and although it doomed the sternwheelers it gave birth to Terrace.

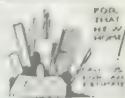
The village was laid out in 1910 on a farm owned by George Little, who hiked in over the Kitimat trail in January, 1905. He arrived with his snowshoes, rifle, and two days food, and after working on government survey parties, took out a pre-emption.

When G.T.P. location engineers arrived they decided to put the town-site near Kitsumgallum but George Little offered them free right of way plus all the land they required for a station and freight yards. The Company accepted his offer and named the new center Littleton. Unfortunately there proved to be a Canadian center with that name and it had to be changed. Someone suggested that since the land rose in a series of terraces from the Skeena River, Terrace would be an appropriate name and it was enthusiastically adopted.

In 1911 the G.T.P. eastward extension from Rupert reached Terrace

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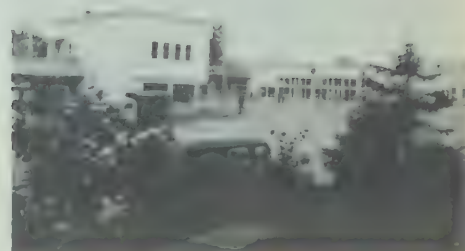
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LEFT: TERRACE - 1912, SHOWING TERRACE HOTEL LITTLE'S STORE ON THE LEFT, AND KENNY'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE ON THE RIGHT. E. T. KENNY LATER BECAME MINISTER OF LANDS AND FORESTS.

ABOVE: PHOTO TAKEN IN 1954 FROM THE SAME SPOT AS ABOVE LEFT PHOTO.



Strand & Princes Theatres

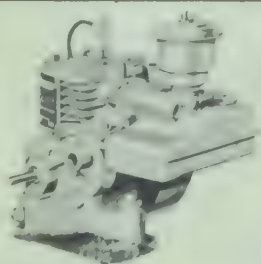


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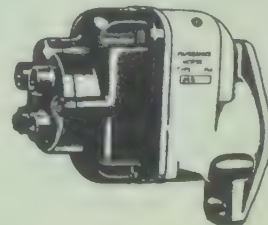
and it marked the end of one era and the beginning of another. Steamboats that had plied the river and were the sole means of supply for the community gradually grew less and by 1912 disappeared. In 1914 the last spike was driven in the G. T. P. and Terrace was linked with the rest of Canada. After the railway excitement subsided, life in the embroy settlement settled down to a pattern common to thousands of small communities.

There were slight differences, Terrace streets were 80 feet wide instead of 66, because when George Little laid them out he made them, as he says, "good and wide". He also gave the main thoroughfare, Lakelse Avenue,



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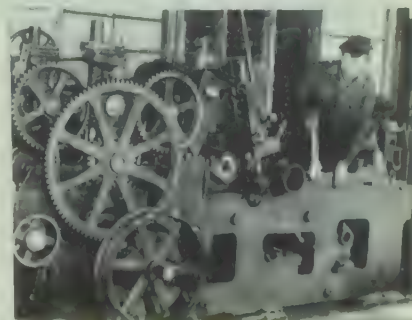


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Prince George, B. C.

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a distinctive appearance by planting a row of maple, weeping birch, and other ornamental trees. The trees thrived, and George Little, now 76, takes as much interest in them as he did when he first planted them.

For many years George Little's boulevard trees had the distinction of growing faster than the village, and at the time of incorporation in 1927

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For 35 years the building above has been the headquarters of Terrace's constabulary (1920). Below is a view of the same corner taken in 1954.

were as much a part of the local scene as sleeping beauty mountain or the winding Skeena River.

The first real evidence of the gasoline age was a Ford tractor brought in by a barber who had the agency, and the first car was owned by Bill Sparkes. But its journey's were strictly local, the community had no road outlet to either the interior or the coast and the railway was the only means of access. This state remained until 1942 then there was an abrupt transformation. The army decided that Terrace would make an excellent military base and the village started humming and has never stopped.

Continued on page 51



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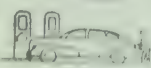
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Vanderhoof, B.C.

THIRTY ONE DAYS LATE - ON THE OLD CANADIAN NORTHERN

Continued from page 9

I named the place 'Lonesome Valley'. It stayed up for many years but eventually succumbed to the weather.

On this move we got as far as Stout, where we were stuck for a couple of days. Then on again as far as Boston Bar where we were stuck again. By this time all our passengers had left except for three women who stayed to the bitter end.

At Boston Bar we were able to pick up a few supplies. We also picked up the divisional superintendent's car. The president of the Canadian Northern, at that time a Mr. McLeod, the manager of the now defunct Home Bank the managing director of the Winnipeg Free Press, and the C. N. master mechanic, Mr. Quantic, were all aboard the private car.

After a few days in Boston Bar we started off again only to be stalled again a few miles east (north) of Yale.

Two or three days waiting was all the 'big brass' could take and it was decided that we all leave the train and trek out over the snow slides. One big slide had come down from quite high up and gone straight through to the river leaving not the slightest sign of the right-of-way. Several men from the extra gang went ahead with picks and shovels and hacked a trail, but it was treacherous going for it had thawed and then frozen. One misstep would mean a toboggan ride down the icy slope into the river, which was not frozen at this point.

An engine and caboose awaited us on the other side and took us into Yale. A work's crew boarding car was on the siding and we were all invited in for lunch, which consisted of boiled fatty short-ribs - a little too fatty for some of us - especially the big-brass, who were no doubt saving their appetites for choice T-Bones at the first available opportunity. They contented themselves with tea and cookies.

After lunch we back-tracked up the line a couple of miles to where there was a cable crossing the river at a height of about sixty feet. Suspended from the cable and running on pulleys was a six foot square box about 18 inches deep. The planks from which the box was made were heavy enough but very weatherbeaten and the floorboards were badly warped and looked rotten. However the two iron straps that went around it and up to the cable looked strong enough. It had been used during construction days to bring supplies over from the C. P. R. side. An Indian who was apparently in charge oiled the blocks and we were all set.

The first load over included the Indian and four big men from the superintendent's party. The rest of us stood on the bank holding our breath. The cable was none too tight and the

box raced to the center and came to a stop, after which, with the aid of a hand line the five in the box pulled themselves up to the C. P. R. side. I was with the last load. By the time I could get set comfortably in the box we were out in mid-stream, after which it was a case of heaving on the handline till we were on the other side. There was no time to worry about the condition of the box or its height above the river.

After a two mile walk we boarded a waiting C. P. R. train and headed on west, arriving in Vancouver about ten-thirty that night. The dining car crew were the only ones who had stuck with the train during this three week period. The engine and train crews had changed three times.

I had a special interest in the train we had abandoned. My wife was in Vancouver expecting her first-born. And a small trunk containing all the necessary clothing for a new-born baby was in it - having been expressed from our old home in Winnipeg. I hung around the old Great Northern depot waiting for word about its arrival.

Ten days later it finally showed up,

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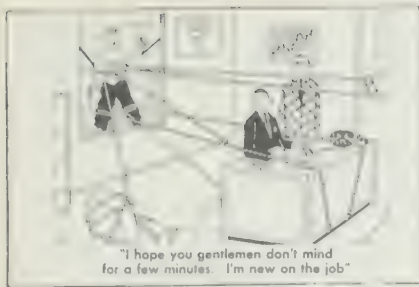


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THE WRECK OF THE MOUNT ROYAL

Continued from page 7

up near him, he looked at it with horror, "A ghost! A ghost!" he cried and jumped into the canoe and I took him to my landing. He gladly got out of the canoe, then he met my daughter Elsie coming down the trail. He was certain he was in the other world, "An angel! An angel!" murmured.

Then I transported all the passengers back to Kitselas, all except Folk, who refused to leave. In fact he took a pre-emption beside me and lived there for years, we became real friends.

A wire was sent to the Hudson Bay Company informing them of the disaster. Captain Johnston hired me the next day to go look for bodies.

Two Indians and I had an unsuccessful search down the river.

The Mount Royal was loaded with furs, bales were lashed to her outside railing. The Indian picked up quite a bit and had it drying at New Town. The safe fell out when the boat turned over and rumor had it that there was \$100,000. in gold in the safe.

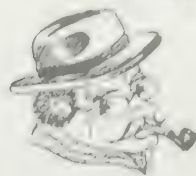
The Mount Royal lay for several years on the sand bar at the mouth of the canyon. As she was a menace to navigation the Hudson Bay Company finally had her blown up.

There were some interesting happenings in the canyon. I had a friend who advertised for a wife. He got one - brought her across the canyon to him. I can still see him sitting on the bank and shaking his head, as I ferried her across the river. She had a face like a horse, a devilish disposition, right away he had to build her another cabin, just for herself.

But that has nothing to do with the Mount Royal has it?" he said impatiently, as he lit his pipe.

DOC ANKLAM

USED
TO
SAY:



Those new refrigerators are mighty handy for keeping little dabs of leftovers until they can be thrown out next week.

Fred Smith's gotten to be such a liar somebody else has to call his hogs home at feeding time.

One has to pay some attention to a woman's intuition or for that matter to anything else which is made up of faith, hope, and inside information.

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THIRTY ONE DAYS LATE

and what a sorry looking mess it was! Since I had left it the train had passed through several tunnels which had been blasted free of ice, but not free enough! The sides of the coaches were gouged by the ice where the passage had been too narrow; many windows were broken, all of the remaining ones very grimy, and of course the steps were broken off.

It arrived on February 17th, 1916, just 31 days late - but not too late for the arrival of our first-born, who made his entry into this world on March 1st.

0000000 0000 0000000

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Continued from page 3

last we came to a flat where the going looked much easier. We had barely started over when Susie, one of the pack horses, on turning for a drink at a water hole, suddenly pitched forward and sank up to her neck in soft, bottomless ooze. We managed to get

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BULKLEY VALLEY

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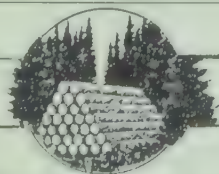
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the pack off and drag it to firmer ground. I pushed and pried sticks under her jaw to keep her nose out of water. The men worked a rope around her head, and, using their saddle horses, slowly pulled her out of the treacherous slime.

We cleaned her off as well as we could, replaced her pack, and moved off across the flat to the woods beyond. Reaching a high spot we gazed out over the tree tops into the blue distance. The Akie, forming a huge bend, wound through the valley below. To follow this bend would be a waste of time, so we decided to take a short cut. Halting in the next clearing, we made camp and examined the many game trails which crossed the area, finding many prints of deer, moose, mountain sheep and caribou. This wild country lavished food in abundance to feed our bodies, and the most beautiful scenery in the world to feed our souls.

During the night I snuggled safely beneath the warm blankets and shivered, as I listened to the eerie howls of wolves rising above the night winds. Sleep, when it came, was fitful and unresting.

Next day we stumbled on westward, searching in vain for a clear lane through the log-strewn countryside. Here and there we found brief surcease by following animal trails whenever they led in our chosen direction. The descent to the river took the whole day. Arriving at the bottom we found that the grazing was poor, mainly weeds and goose grass. The river was much smaller than we expected. It may not have been the Akie but a tributary.

The water was icy cold and the trout I caught in it after supper were firm and pink-fleshed, and made us a lovely breakfast.

The following day was one I remember vividly. The fallen trees lay by the thousands in all directions, and there

was absolutely no way to get around them. It was a case of the horses continuously rearing up, over and down. From my vantage point at the rear, the pack-train looked like a monstrous hiccupping catterpillar disjointedly undulating its way down the slope.

The ceaseless hurdling threw me endlessly back and forth, racking my body till I nearly cried with pain and exhaustion. When I felt that my back could take no more punishment, I dismounted and tried to follow on foot. Two logs later I snagged the cuffs of my pants and sprawled face forward on the ground. Sore and miserable I crawled back in the saddle and settled down resignedly.

The horses were beginning to show the effects of the rough going. One had lost a shoe, a number of others were clicking loosely, and all the horses were tired and gaunt. The feed had been poor of late and our salt supply for them was getting low. They were beginning to nibble and tear at their saddle blanket to get the salt from the sweat absorbed in them.

When we found a place where swamp grass was plentiful we stopped and rested for a week. The men re-shod the horses while I fished, washed clothes and made bread.

The trail from there on wound through thick brush and dark forests. Eventually we came to the foot of a steep cliff and halted. The trail wound upwards across the face of it, narrow and dangerous, while the river waited just below, cold and uninviting.

Fred tied Molly to tree and started up the trail. We watched and waited as old Chief picked his way slowly and carefully to the top of the cliff. Then he turned and just as carefully descended. "I think the horses can make it if we lead them up one at a time," he said.

"And if they don't," Jack added, "I'll be at the foot of the cliff with a rope to fish them out of the water."

Fred started up with Molly, and Dan followed. Halfway up she slipped and lost her footing, fell backwards and plunged into the river. Jack, rope ready, deftly threw a noose over her head as soon as she broke the surface, and dragged her to the shore.

The other horses, upset by the noise and excitement, started bucking. Three of them fell into the river and had to be roped and fished out. After the horses had quietened down and been repacked, the men led them one by one up the trail. This time they all made it.

I was the last. With my heart in my mouth, I gave Buck his head. He stepped out confidently and made it to the top without a misstep.

We could now see for miles ahead. An inviting green flat down by the river prompted us to head towards it and make camp. We'd had enough for one day. After supper we sat around



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the fire reviewing the day's mishaps. We congratulated ourselves on how little serious damage had been done.

I extolled the various virtues of my 'Buck', much to the amusement of the men.

"I guess you're right, Marten," said Fred. "He's a brick alright - just like his mistress - never complains."

Jack grabbed the water pails and headed for the river. A few minutes later, his voice, high with excitement, rang out from below. "Hey! Come and see what's here!"

We hurried down the slope. "What is it - gold?" Fred called out.

"No. Look at those tracks!"

Fred whistled and stared. They were grizzly bear tracks - the biggest we had ever seen.

"It must be a brother to the one we saw back at the salt-lick," I cried, "Or maybe it's the same one, following...." I stopped aghast at the idea.

The men burst out laughing. "Now Marten won't be able to sleep tonight," teased Fred. And turning to me, added, "You'd better load your 25-35 and take it to bed with you."

We stayed at the flat for two days to let the horses feed, while the men scouted out the country ahead for an easier route. I stayed pretty close to camp, occasionally slipping down to the water's edge to try a little fishing. But my heart wasn't in it. I kept looking around expecting every minute to spot the big grizzly which had made the tracks.

On the third morning we packed up and struck out. The men had found an easy route and once again travelling was a pleasure. We wound through quiet places and peaceful woods. Birds once again sang all around us and game was plentiful. The only discord marring the perfection of the day was the horde of horseflies pestering the pack-train and ourselves.

We camped near the river and after supper I pulled on my waders intending to go fishing when we heard Jack call out in low but clear tones, "Jack, Marten, come quick!"

We hurried to where he was standing on tiptoe, straining to see over the bushes. "There's a herd of goats just across the river," he explained. "Let's get closer."

We started down the bank but found we were cut off from the river by a backwash. I glanced down at my waders. "It doesn't look very deep," I said. "Hop on my back, Fred, I'll carry you across."

He laughed at me. "I have my doubts little lady." But with a wink at Jack he

climbed aboard. Had he stopped laughing, I could have managed fine. But I could feel him shaking with mirth and started laughing myself. I staggered back and forth and then in circles. I tottered to the far side and collapsed. We both sat there helpless with laughter.

When I could get my breath I called to Jack. "Shall I come back for you?"

"No thanks," came the answer. "Watchin' you two crazy mavericks is enough for me. I ain't seen nothin' so screwball since I left Mexico."

He removed his shoes and socks, rolled up his pant legs and waded across. We hurried on the river. The goats were drinking directly across from us. There were a dozen or more, and we watched them until they moved out of sight beyond the bend of the river.

Returning to the back wash, I once again offered Fred my services, but was turned down. "You're too much like your buckskin," Fred said. "You get a fellow in a bad spot and then try to buck him off."

"And if you were anything of a cowboy, you wouldn't have let yourself get piled," I retorted, as I took off leaving them to wade barefoot.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Totem poles were memorials to some important occasion, some were used as corner posts for the heavy roof-tree. Others held the ashes of distinguished forefathers. Although respected, they were never worshipped.

TOTEM POLES OF THE SKEENA CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

ments that fell through at the last minute. And so there the parts lie.

Because it isn't so easy to buy a totem pole. You have to get permission first from the Department of Indian Affairs, and you're not likely to get it unless you're an institution. Even then you must get permission of the B.C. Government--and you can't take poles out of the province anymore. Having come thus far, you'll have to get per-

mission of the owners, who may be scattered all over the province of British Columbia or Alaska. Any partial owner can "queer the deal" you thought was already a certainty, and in spite of the fact that you have paid the presumed owner his demands.

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The best groups are yet to come. On both sides of the Skeena Canyon stood the totem pole villages of the Gitksan, a branch of the Tsimshian Indians, whose territory was the Nass and Skeena Rivers and the nearby coast. These villages were built close to the waters edge, since most travel was by water. Here the dugout canoes were hauled up on the gravel beach, in front of the com-

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munal houses. The beach bristled with the carved figures of totems, and memorial poste and carved ornaments.

But with the coming of the railway, the villages were moved up onto the higher ground. And in the restoration of the totem poles which took place in 1925-26, the poles, too, were removed from the beaches and brought up higher. That is, many were removed.

Some had already crashed to the ground, having rotted at ground level. Some were just about to fall, when re-scued by the joint action of the Canadian Government and the Canadian National Railway, under the needling of C. Marius Barbeau.

Dr. Barbeau has had many interests in his long and crowded life as Dominion Anthropologist. But none has held a more cherished spot in his heart and interests than the culture of the Indian people of British Columbia, with totems as his particular interest.

It is claimed that a man can specialize too much, but this subject was large enough to provide material for long study for Dr. Barbeau, and absorbing enough to result in a series of excellent government publications and exhaustively with totem poles was published by the National Museum, Ottawa.

The totem poles at Gitseguyukla are scattered through the Indian village in front of the homes. They aren't in stiff straight lines, but neither are the houses in their new location. So that you



MANY OF THE TOTEMS HAVE BEEN REPAINTED. MANY HAVE BEEN WEATHERED TO A SILVERY GREY THROUGH YEARS OF STANDING.

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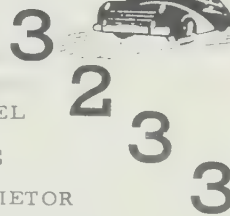
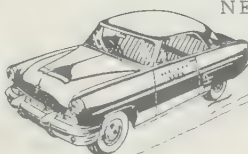
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can't get the whole picture in one fell swoop, and your camera can't record it with a single click. Many of these poles are outstanding and worthy of close attention.

But continue downriver on the Skeena Highway. Watch for the cable-ferry to take you across the Skeena to Kitwanga. There you'll find some 25 poles lined up along the village street, with a magnificent backdrop of the Seven Sister Peaks behind.

Tall and short, some ornately carved, others with a single figure, some grave figures of the mountain lion and so forth---all these have been removed from their former location on the riverfront, where they were menaced by flood. Some, in fact, were toppled and carried in spring freshet.

The survivors were trimmed and strengthened, repainted (rather gaudily) mounted on stout poles to which they were grappled with bands of iron, and re-erected. The result is quite satisfactory to the tourist, and the Indians. Only the Anthropologist is going to gripe that, "A totem pole is a carving, not a painting."

About 16 miles north of Kitwanga is the village of Kitwancool, where many more poles are standing, or leaning. These are in the state of nature, weathered to a silvery grey, and more or-

nately carved than any of those previously mentioned. They're worth going to see.

Totem poles were memorials to some important occasion, the death of a chieftan, erection of a new house, victory. Some were used as corner posts for the heavy roof-tree. Others held the ashes of distinguished forefathers. And although respected, they were never worshipped, any more than do-days citizen worship a coat-of-arms.

00000 000 00000

"ALKALI"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

"Alkali" weathered the trip home rather well. However the first few moments had been bad when the engine pulled the slack out of the car couplings the shuddering of the rickety box-car panicked him. "Alkali" lunged, and the short halter rope jerked him down. Again he tried, and as the cars shifted ahead he went down hard. Gradually the shuddering subsided, the big train picked up steam, and after several tense minutes eased to a steady speed, and "Alkali" lessened

the strain on the tie rope.

In comparison to the sparse grassed ridges of his previous home, to "Alkali", the new range to which he was taken must have been the promised land. There were countless acres of lush feed, surrounding the well kept buildings of the Fontaine Racing Stables. There was a stream of the clearest water, a warm barn for the chilly nights, with a blanket on his back, and the gentle pat and soothing voice of a little girl. It was all so wonderful, and the old horse was undoubtedly happy. The long warm days, stirrup deep in wild clover. Brushed and curried every day, well earned by old "Alkali."

It was two weeks after his arrival at the Fontaine ranch, at dawn of what

promised to be another hot day, one of the colt handlers came up from the big stable with the news of a sick horse. "Royal", the four year old used for pacing the colts, had picked up a sliver. Nothing real serious, but he was out of commission and would be for several days. As "Royal" was, at this time, the only available horse to run with the colts, the problem arose, what horse could replace him? To Charlie the situation became increasingly serious. This could very much disrupt the track training.

As Charlie and several of Fontaine's handlers discussed their problem, a young Negro rider spoke up. "Mistah Charlie, what would be wrong with trying that hoss Fontaine bought his daughter? He's well broke, maybe can't run, but we don't need a fast hoss fo' them colts. He wouldn't do much cuttin' up on the track to give the young hoss's any bad influencin'. What do you think?"

Charlie frowned, rubbed a stubby finger over his nose, "Hell, Benny, that horse is too old, take half an hour to warm him up enough to trot."

Another man spoke up, "We haven't much choice, boss, we gotta have something to run with them colts. It'd take a week, with luck, to get another horse over here, and by then the train-

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ing them young filly's have had would be no dang good at all. They'd forget everything. We need a horse right now."

The Negro boy Benny spoke again, "Theh wouldn't be none hahm done by tryin' that ol' hoss Mistah Charlie."

Charlie stretched his neck and looked across to the pasture where "Alkali" was browsing along the south-fence.

"I hate to do it," he said, "If the old man comes back and finds that cayuse boarding with his racin' stock somebody's gonna catch hell, ---but, like you say, we need a horse now." Charlie rubbed his nose again, frowned, and said to Benny, "Go get a rope on him Ben. I guess with half a sack of oats in him he may get up steam enough to run the track once."

Little did Charlie realize that he had just made the greatest understatement of his life. Little did he visualize the extent of wealth that 'the old horse in the south pasture' would bring upon the Del Fontaine Racing Stables. But that is to come.

The evening that "Alkali" walked up the track alongside the colts, was perfect. The noon heat lifted, and a cool breeze drifted down from the Jackpine and Alder ridges to the north of the big ranch. Shadows lengthened as the now copper sun dipped into the smoky veil shrouding the distant Rocky Mountains. Perfect weather, and a perfect track stretching in a half mile oval beside a lazy stream.

Charlie was at trackside, a slight frown on his round face. "Now watch that cayuse Benny, don't run him too close to them colts! Stay in the middle of the track!"

Benny flashed a wide smile down at Charlie as he walked "Alkali" up into position. "Reminds me of when I used to ride the old plough hoss home from the corn fields, Mistah Cha'lie. He shoh don' have much grace in his stride."

They got off to a fair start, just a little confusion when "Alkali", head high, tried to shake the strange bit from his mouth, and almost ran into the outer guard rail.

"Watch him Ben!" yelled Charlie, and the Negro boy did with expert skill. He worked the big horse between the colts and settled him into a rough but steady stride.

They rounded the track once at a canter, the colts moving well alongside the big gelding. The fiery little filly "Shy Ann" on the outer rail, a beautiful blood red bay, sired by the famed "Brigham Young" of the Blue Ridge Mountains, was fighting the bit, and as they passed Charlie, he cupped a hand to his mouth and yelled, "Give him a little slack Ben! Let them colts run a little!"

That's all he said, and that was all the Negro boy did. He gave "Alkali" just a little slack, leaned over the big horse's neck just an inch more, never said a word to the horse, never even used a heel, but that big raw-boned

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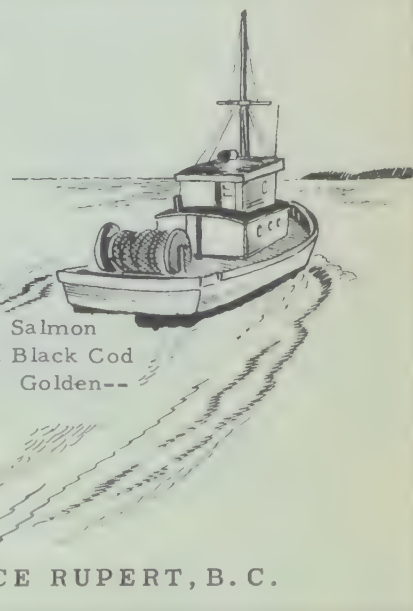
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cayuse with the harness burns all over him was a quarter of a track ahead of either colt and threw dirt all over Charlie when he came around the second time.

Benny had lost his hat, and his eyes were as large as two fried eggs 'sunny-side', when he came down the backstretch. He was fighting the reins with every ounce of his 97 pounds to stop "Alkali", to no avail. The big horse finally slowed at the quarter mark on his third lap, and, the little man who jumped from the saddle when he got back to Charlie was as pale as a Negro boy could possibly be.

He said, "Lord o' Moses! Them Pearly Gates was wide open and a-beckonin' fo' me on that ride, Mistah Cha'lie!"

He leaned against the guard rail, and with a shaky hand wiped silt and

sweat from his face. He looked back down the track to his blue cap, lying in the turned-up sod of "Alkali's" hoof prints. "That's the only hoss in ten years of ridin' that ever took my hat off!"

The other two riders, along with Charlie, stood, not uttering a word, and stared at "Alkali". He stood, neck arched, pawing the hard dirt, sweat glistening on his shoulders and flanks.

Charlie jerked out of his trance, "Get a blanket on that horse! Walk him around! Cool him off, don't stand there man!"

Benny jumped to the order. Charlie looked around the track, glanced around at "Alkali", being led away, and shook his head. "If I hadn't of seen it with my own eyes-----."

The colts were taken away. "Alkali" was in the barn, and Charlie stood a-

lone on the track. Several minutes passed before he moved up the road towards the ranch house, and he was muttering softly, "---just a plough horse, a shabby old bruised up, run down, pentioned off work horse, and he beats a \$4000.00 thoroughbred colt by quarter of a mile."

He shook his head, latched the gate behind him, walked up the steps to the ranch house, and disappeared within.

The lights burned long in the bunkhouse that night. The boys sat there around the stove wide eyed and full of talk. Benny had witnessed a 'miracle' and he couldn't stop talking. Never had he had a ride like that one. Never had a horse made him lose his hat. Never had an animal given him such a scare, and he said to Whiles, the boy who had been up on "Shy Ann" that evening,



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--he lifted the lantern, and there in the pale flickering glow of the oil lamp stood "Alkali", unkempt tail, harness burns and all.

"From the time that hoss bolted, Whiley, I was a pullin' them reins fo' deah Heav'n, an' the harder I pulled the faster he went!"

Whiles shook his head, "When that big cayuse took off 'round the south turn I couldn't resist lettin' that little filly go, and by darn when she was runnin' wide open she couldn't gain an inch ---- matter of fact she was losin' ground!"

The pale light of dawn was breaking over the distant mountains when the lights in the bunk house winked out, and a short time later the squeek of the big gate, opened by the stable boys taking the stock to water, jarred Charlie from his troubled sleep. He washed, shaved, made a feeble attempt at brushing his thinning grey hair, and headed for the kitchen to the smell of fresh coffee. He ate very little, drank several cups of coffee, and with deep concern lined on his face he pulled from his shirt pocket a weathered black pipe. He lit it, then sat watching the blue smoke rise lazily into the morning sunlight streaming in through the window.

A short time later, as Charlie was leaving the kitchen, Sally, Del Fontaine's daughter breezed past him, her pig-tails a'flying. She navigated the steps to the path in one daring leap. As she slowed to open the gate Charlie noticed the halter.

"Sally!" he called, "Hold on a minute!" and he headed for the gate.

"Honey", he said as he reached for the halter in her hand, "I don't think you better ride "Alkali" today. That big horse isn't as gentle as your father was led to believe and - well - I - I just don't think he's too safe for you to be ridin'." Charlie paused, "I tell you what honey, as soon as I get a little work done I'll take you for a buggy ride, O. K.?"

Sally was none too pleased, but she agreed, on the grounds that Charlie would let her watch the colts run that evening. Charlie agreed.

Sally was very excited when evening came and she was allowed to sit on the high white fence, breathlessly watching the young horses pounding around the track. "Alkali" was not present, but when the colts were fin-

ished their workout, he was brought by Benny from the stables.

Saddled and bridalled, looking as well as any 11 year old work horse possibly could, "Alkali" was led into the track area. Benny stepped into the saddle at Charlie's command. Charlie came over and said, "Make him run Ben, we're going to clock you, once around. I'm curious to know just what this dang thing can do!"

It did not work that way. Alone on the big track, "Alkali" refused to run. Benny's attempts, through boot heels and curses, to break "Alkali" from a jarring trot, were in vain.

He turned the horse back to the post and Charlie.

"He jes' won't run boss," the boy said. "Can't make him nohow!"

Charlie pulled at an ear lobe, then said, "Take him back to the stall. We'll run him with "Shy Ann" in the morning. She's too warm to run now"

"Alkali" was returned to his stall, and the Fontaine stable hands impatiently awaited the morn.

They ran "Alkali" and "Shy Ann" at dawn. The dew laden Alders swaying to a crisp cool wind rolling down from the northern mountains. A promise of early winter was in the air, but all were there at trackside to watch that horse.

The boys said later that "Shy Ann" led only for the first fifty yards, and from there on to the finish she ran a poor second to "Alkali". Charlie clocked the gelding at three seconds better than any horse had ever run on the Fontaine track, and many a good horse had run there.

Although the fame of "Alkali" spread swiftly through his new home land and surrounding country, there was one man whom the news had not yet reached, Del Fontaine.

It was midnight when he arrived at the ranch. He had returned several days earlier than was expected. There was no one awake, no lights shone from any of the windows. He drove quietly through the gate, pulled the light Democrat to halt in the dark shadows of the big barn. He stepped down, dropped the traces on his light span of duns, led them to the big trough to the rear of the white feed building, watered them lightly, then took them to their stalls.

After removing the harness and hanging it neatly on pegs, he latched the double doors and headed for the ranch house. He did not quite reach the steps leading to the large, screened in patio. Maybe he had heard a noise from the stock stables, or perhaps he had just wanted to look at his colts before bedding down himself. None the less, he turned back through the gate to the stables.

He took a lantern from the wall of the outer shed, lit it, turned the wick

up just a trifle, then unlatched the big door.

Inside, he lifted the lantern above his head and peered into the shadows of the nearest stall. There was "Button" pretty as ever. Fontaine whispered to her then moved on. At the second stall he squinted into the darkness again. "Shy Ann" nickered, stomped a foot and pushed her soft muzzle into his open palm. Fontaine smiled, whispered again, and ran his hand down her smooth neck as he moved on.

At the third stall he lifted the lantern again, and, there in the pale flickering glow of the oil lamp stood "Alkali", unkempt tail, harness burns and all.

Del Fontaine started, muttered a few un-nice things and stomped from the barn. He beelined for the bunkhouse, charged onto the porch and

threw open the door.

"Charlie!" his voice echoed back loudly. "Charlie? Get up! by thunder, what's going on around here!"

Fontaine stepped inside, the lantern reflecting the whites of two large, bleary eyes. Benny's.

"Welcome home, Mistah Fontaine!" Benny said, rubbing sleep from his eyes. "Wha'fo you runnin' 'round inna middle o' de night ahollerin? Lawdy! You skeered me!"

Del Fontaine threw Benny a scowl. Charlie emerged from the shadows, garbed in grey Stanfields, scratching his mussed head.

"Howdy Mist-----!"

Del Fontaine cut him short. "What in thunderation is that--that--big cayuse doing in a box stall?"

Charlie stammered, "Why -- he--he's just -- "

He was out hollered again.

"I don't intend to have that big plug eating up top feed or associating with my thoroughbreds! Get him out of that stable!"

Fontaine turned to leave, then Benny squeaked,

"Mistah Fontaine, that ol' plug is the best damn hoss you own! Tha's why he's in that barn!"

Benny crawled from his bunk and reached for his pants.

Then, by Benny, Charlie, and anyone who could get in a word (they were all awake now) Fontaine was told, in excited voices, of the miraculous running of "Alkali."

Benny said to him, "Sir! I'll bet you one hun'erd dollahs that hoss will run any other animal you own right off a track!"

Fontaine snorted, "You don't have to bet with me, boy. If that cayuse can run like you say it can, I'll give you a hundred dollars!"

He did just that the following day. Standing there at trackside with eyes 'nigh to bustin' their sockets', as Benny put it, big "Alkali" proved himself to Fontaine.

The big, dingy, black "Alkali" proved himself again and again in the months that followed. Rain, sleet, or blazing sun, no matter, for on every track he ran, he won. His speed was pitted against many fine horses. Benny's skill against many good riders, and they never had to brush turf dust at any race.

Of course they all knew it couldn't last. But while it did, "Alkali" gave his very best in every running. To

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Benny, up on "Alkali" in every race there was nothing else he could talk about. Every time he was within sight of the big horse, he bubbled with admiration.

The day it happened, the fatal day, "Alkali" was matched against another good horse. A fat purse was at stake. The odds were fairly even.

The start was good, the race even better. At the halfway "Alkali" opened a little lead that widened all the way around the south turn. As he pounded into the stretch there were yards between him and the faltering competitor.

Benny, high on the big horse's shoulders, looked back. Then "Alkali" went

out from under him. Benny heard the guard rail splinter as "Alkali" ploughed into it. He saw the horse roll, then he was knocked senseless by a rail-post.

"Alkali" never got up. They later said that he died running, of a heart attack. Benny never knew what had happened. He never talked about it in later years. No one ever asked him. The fall had cost him his career as a rider, and "Alkali" took Benny's heart with him to the other pasture. That was alright though, for where would Benny ever find another horse who could bring into his eyes that gleam of admiration?

Where is Benny now? Still around? It's hard to say, but if he is, he could tell the story, the story of a big horse, raw boned and harness burned, who pulled freight wagons, years and years ago, over the old Cariboo Trail.

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TWO FARMERS at a country fair were fascinated by a booth where six little celluloid balls bobbed on top of water jets. Customers were offered substantial prizes if they succeeded in shooting a ball off its perch. One of the farmers spent six quarters in a vain attempt to pick off a ball. Finally his friend pushed him aside and said, "Now watch!" He took a single shot. All six balls disappeared.

As they walked away from the booth laden with prizes, the unsuccessful one asked, "How did you do it?"

"It just took knowing how," explained the other. "I shot the man working the pump."

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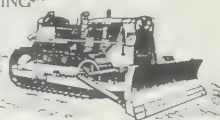
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Mr. Moody, along with "Captain" Brown and Louis Collinson, is one of the few remaining members of the early carvers whose works may be found in the museums of Berlin and Rome.

ARTISTS IN ARGILLITE

Continued from page 6

have been produced up to thirty-six inches. That which is believed to be the largest pole ever carved from argillite is shown in the accompanying photograph. It is four feet high and represents some four months of painstaking labor by Mr. Moody.

Little imagination is required to envisage the tremendous effort required to bring the original slab of argillite from the quarry near the headwaters of Slatechuck Creek to Mr. Moody's home in Skidegate Village; for it is necessary to travel to the mouth of Slatechuck Creek by

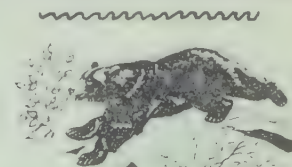
boat, a distance of some ten miles, and then three and one half miles on foot over rough and broken ground where, but for vaguely imprinted and badly meandering game trails, no definite route exists. The slate is dug from the side of a hill, sawn in those dimensions that will prove either not too heavy to carry or that are demanded by the ultimate size of the pole to be carved, and taken out to the boat by packboard.

It is estimated that the portion of the slate from which this four foot object-d'art was made weighed over three hundred pounds and because of its size it was moved down to the boat by lashing it to poles to form a crude littler, loaded on the afterdeck of a fishing boat and moved to Skidegate.

The finished pole, valued at \$1,200 was sent to Vancouver where it formed part of a display of Indian art, sponsored by the Coqualeetza Fellowship, and well illustrated the artistic talents of the Haida carver in a medium that has been employed for a relatively short time. It is believed that the use of argillite as a carving material was coincident with the arrival of the white man on this portion of the North American continent. If true, this would imply that the production of slate

artifacts is only some one hundred and fifty years old and shows the rapidity with which the high degree of development, evidenced by Mr. Moody's handiwork, has been obtained.

Is this to be the "swan song" of this art? Will the younger men be insufficiently interested in this work to go to such lengths to express their tribal histories and legends? It is hoped that such is not the case; the hope is rather that this work of Arthur Moody represents merely a step in the continued progress of the proficiency and artistry of the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands.



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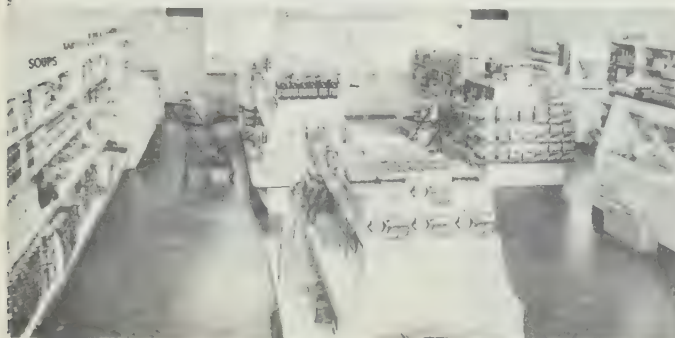
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TERRACE

Continued from page 35

A huge camp capable of housing 4,000 soldiers and their equipment rose in the village and when the Japanese surrendered, Terrace had gained a modern airport, a sewage and watersystem, a highway linking it with both Rupert and the Interior, and a 300 bed military hospital built to handle casualties from Kiska but never used. In the village, real estate values

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Geof. Lambly at trap shoot using an old 'Flintlock'. Photographer snapped at the exact moment the powder in the pan exploded - but note that there is no smoke near the end of the barrel

RIGHT: A LOG HAULER, (PETER BENOIT) WAS
LOADED TOO HEAVY FOR THE RAMP.

had risen spectacularly. Lots worth \$40.00 in 1942 soared to \$2,500, and others, formerly up for tax sale were considered a bargain at \$4,000.

After the war Columbia Cellulose Company bought about half of the army camp and turned it into bunkhouses, work shops, offices, and equipment sheds. The village took over the sewage and water system, and the remaining barracks were dismantled and re-erected as homes, offices and warehouses. An H-hut became the district hospital, other huts were turned into a school, and a 200 foot square drill hall became a community center. The \$300,000. military hospital was scheduled for dismantling but the Board of Trade put up a spirited battle and after years of hammering at Ottawa and Victoria their efforts were rewarded. The Provincial Government bought the hospital and the Mental Health Department turned it into a home for the aged. It now houses over 300 elderly men and besides providing these men with a home is a ready market for local produce and gives direct employment to 70 people.

Although Terrace has grown 12 fold in 12 years, it has kept one important



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ULOSE PLANT AT PRINCE RUPERT.

asset---its community spirit. Of the many examples of this one of the most noticeable is the Civic Center. Years of mostly voluntary labor turned what was once a cavernous army drill hall into an asset worth \$100,000. The center has facilities for roller skating, basketball, dances and other activities. It contains 8 bowling alleys, a large stage, and last year the community raised \$1,800 for chairs for events such as concerts and plays sponsored by the schools and the community.

The local fire department is another instance of community spirit. The first fire truck was a war assets Air Force crash wagon and the fire hall an army shed. The crash wagon has since been replaced with two completely equipped trucks and two years ago a new fire hall was opened. It cost the community \$2,000., although it could not be replaced for \$20,000. Businessmen donated supplies, local contractors installed wiring, heating and plumbing at cost, and the fire chief, L. C. Casey and his two dozen firemen did over ninety per cent of the remaining work.

Community spirit also revealed itself when Mrs. Catherine Fraser, editor of the Terrace "Omineca" Herald, attended a newspaper convention.

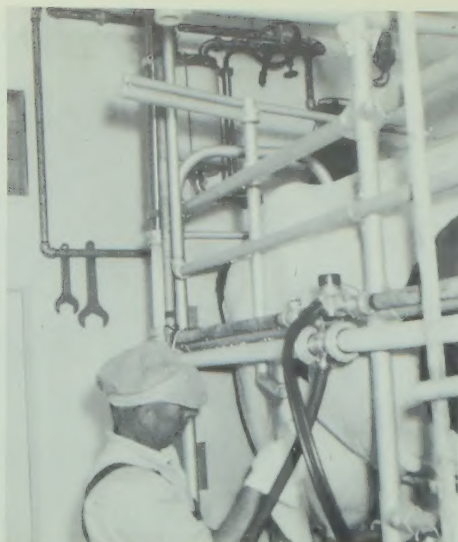


IN JUNE 1954, THE SKEENA RIVER WENT ON
A RAMPAGE AND GOUGED AWAY 3 ACRES
FROM THIS FIELD.





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During her absence word leaked out that she left so hurriedly the supper dishes weren't done. When she returned chairman of the village commission Emil Haugland said that had he known he would have come over and helped, and Walter Warner remarked that she

returned too soon. He was laying plans for a subscription drive to buy an automatic dishwasher but now it wouldn't be a surprise because she probably knew about it already.

The Terrace "Omineca" Herald has been something of a nomad, at

least as far as newspapers go. It was born in Hazelton in 1908, moved to New Hazelton when the railroad came through, and moved to Terrace in 1949 when Mr. and Mrs. Fraser bought it. Since then the circulation has jumped from 600 to 1400, and the paper has increased from six half pages to eight full size. Along with the expansion occurred an incident that still brings chuckles to many residents.

The Frasers ordered a new printing press and it was shipped by boat to Rupert and by truck to Terrace. But, like the Charge of the Light Brigade somebody blundered, and when the printing press arrived it proved to be a steel fabricating press destined for Alaska.

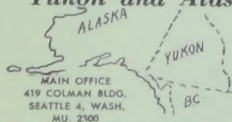
"It is funny now, but not then," said Tom Fraser. "There was a blizzard blowing, half of our building was out, and the truck driver up and quit. However we eventually got our printing press and the company in Alaska its steel press. I guess the incident could be called normal growing pains."

From all indications it appears that growing pains will be with Terrace for a long time. The village has expanded tremendously during the last few years and even greater expansion is on the horizon. There will be new problems with the new growth, but residents are prepared for this.

"We are the pioneers of a new industrial era," said Mrs. Fraser. "May we have the same steadfast faith, courage, and spirit as did our forefathers, and work together with understanding and integrity so that their vision and ours will become a secure and stable reality."

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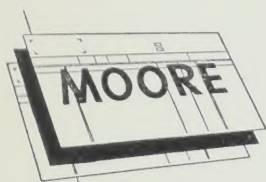
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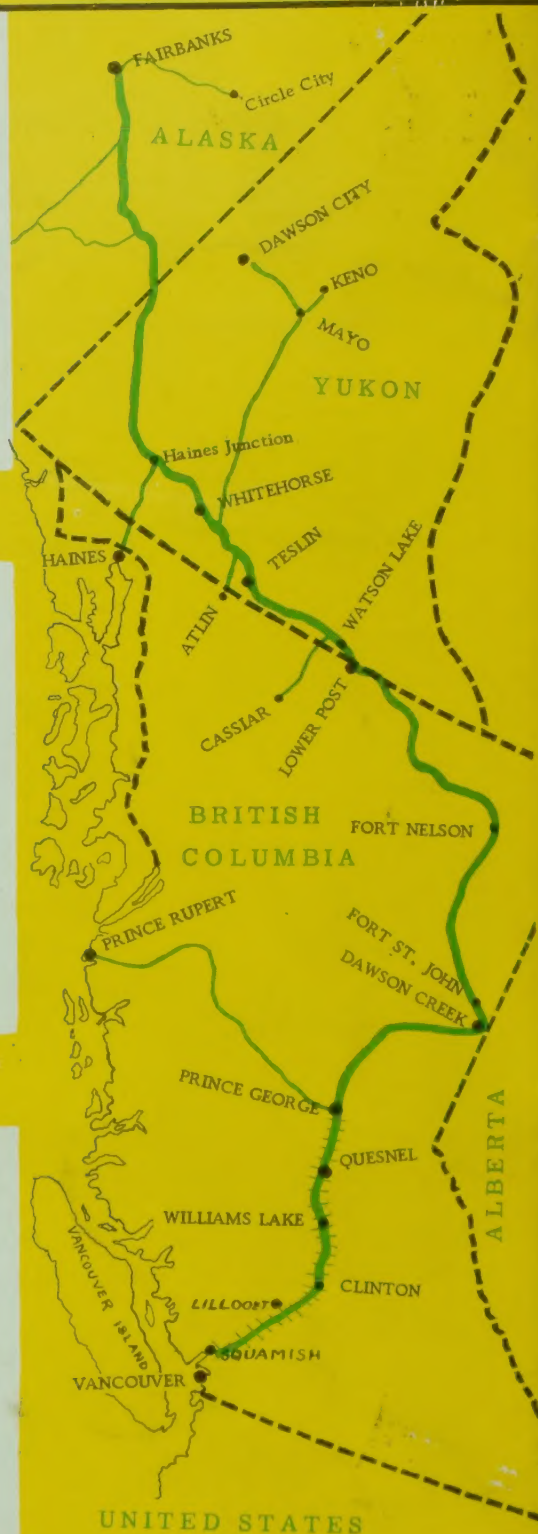
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